

FROM THE MINES
TO THE PULPIT



GEORGE COCKING

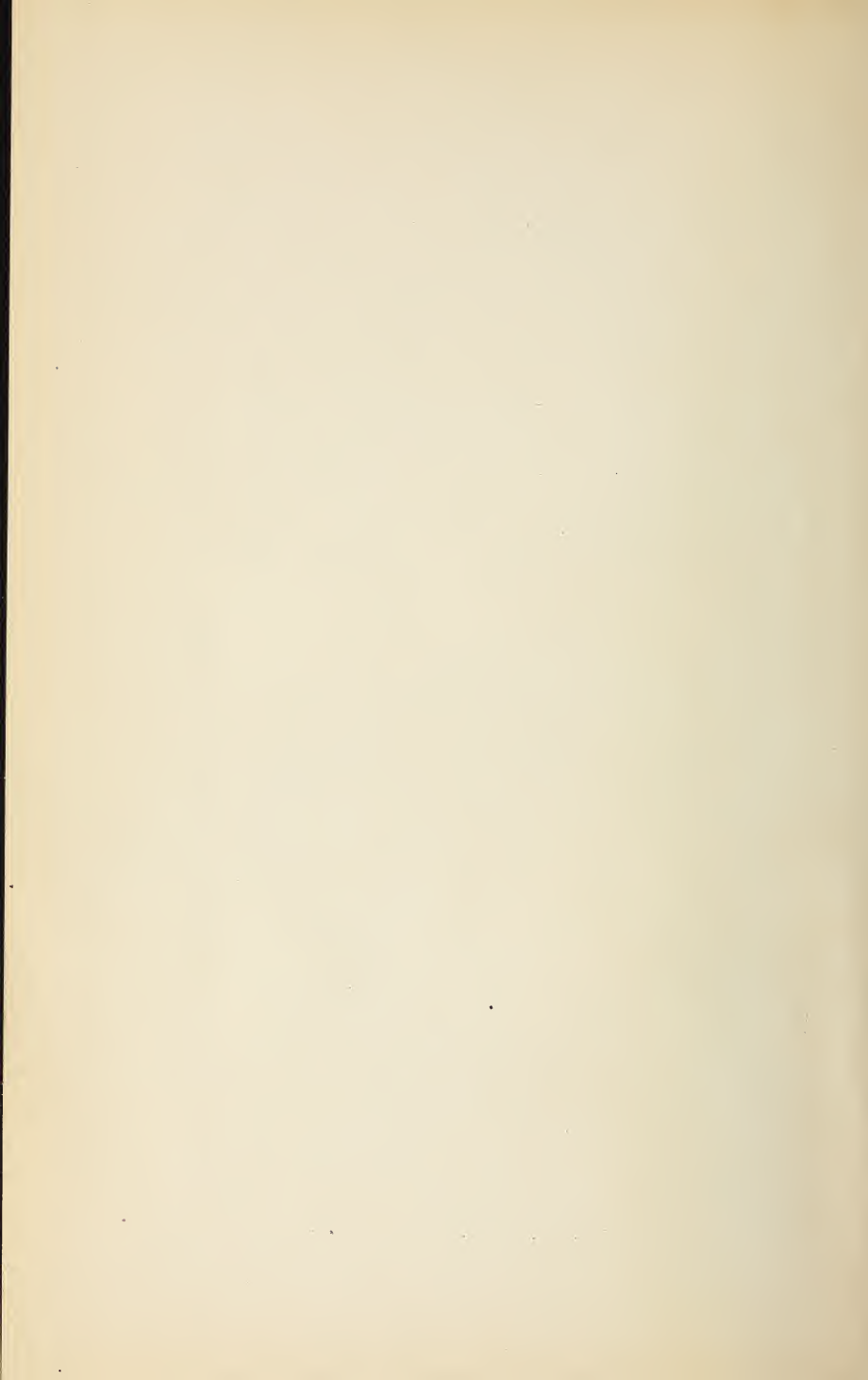


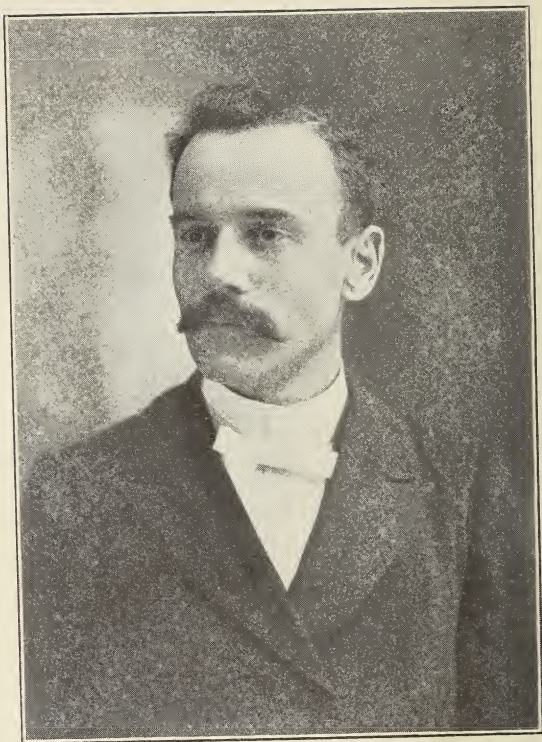
Class BX 8495

Book .C58 A3

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





*Yours Respectfully,
Geo. Cocking.*

FROM THE MINES TO THE PULPIT

OR

Success Hammered Out
of the Rock

BY

GEORGE COCKING

Member North Indiana Conference Methodist
Episcopal Church, U. S. A.

4B2



CINCINNATI

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY JENNINGS & PYE

BX8495
C58A3

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
MAR 19 1903
Copyright Entry
Jan. 9-1901
CLASS a XNo. No.
529
COPY B.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY
GEORGE COCKING

WILLIAM HILL
PUBLISHED BY

PREFACE

This volume is not intended to be the author's autobiography, since it is only fragmentary in its character; but more especially is it written for the encouragement of the unfortunate ones who, like himself, on account of poverty or the bad management of parents, or lack of judgment on their part, were deprived of an early education. The author believes that the greatest incentive for this class, which unfortunately is very large, is for them to know what others have done.

While the book gives a brief sketch of a young miner struggling for success, it also affords an insight into the great industry of mining, both in England and America, together with the many dangers incident to this hazardous calling. With the hope that many of the unfortunate may be encouraged and stimulated to loftier purposes and nobler deeds by reading these pages, this work is sent forth.

The dangers and hardships portrayed in this volume are equally applicable to the coal miners the world over, and to which must be added the terrible danger of explosion by gas, which has been the cause of thousands of deaths among this class.

G. C.

CONTENTS



CHAPTER	PAGE
I. EARLY LIFE, - - - - -	13
II. IN THE TIN MINES OF CORNWALL, -	28
III. DANGERS OF MINING, - - - -	42
IV. LEAVING HOME, - - - - -	64
V. ON THE OCEAN, - - - - -	73
VI. IN A STRANGE LAND, - - - -	88
VII. IN THE GOLD MINES OF COLORADO, - -	98
VIII. IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, - - -	114
IX. ABOVE THE CLOUDS, - - - - -	127
X. HAMMERING, - - - - -	141
XI. TRIED AND FOUND WANTING, - - -	154
XII. "STRUCK IT RICH" AT LAST, - -	161
XIII. ON TRIAL, - - - - -	166
XIV. IN THE PULPIT, - - - - -	174

INTRODUCTION

IN the couplet,

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,”

it will be seen that the emphasis must be on the words “can make” as the source, genius, and power to produce the man. The making is ours. Whatever else success may mean, it must include a mastery of self. To know one’s weaknesses and possible strength is supremely important. Then, to be able to guide against natural inclinations, or acquired habits, or so-called hereditary tendencies, will mean, in a measure, the power to move effectually towards the desired goal.

Many a young man finds himself, at eighteen or twenty, in the midst of discouragements. He feels his deficiencies. He is at a loss to know what to do. Few there are who concern themselves with his situation. He looks about him in vain. No one is near to aid. He

is the outcome of circumstances over which he has no control. He is conscious now of the situation, yet in his heart is a desire to better his condition and his life for the future. How is it to be done? This is the burden of the present volume, not to give direction in so many words, but to inspire through the life struggles herein portrayed. If one can succeed, why not another? The writer of this book was without hope in the world. No ray of light for years revealed to him any dawn of better days. I knew him as a young man mining silver and gold in the mines of Colorado. He tells of his anxiety and toil for promotion. He tells of defeat as preliminary to final victory. He felt the call of a larger sphere.

Not all can be ministers; but the world is not limited to preachers. The outreach for advancement must be through a due appreciation of the fact that the real secret lies within.

Our brother does not write this volume as a means of self-praise, but because of his intense yearning to stimulate some who need

just this lesson of a real life. This book will seek to unfold, in the unfolding of a single life, the true secret of attainment. May its pages delight and quicken many a young life; for, as Longfellow says:

All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambition's feet, secure and proud
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud.

A. L. T. EWERT.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.,
NOVEMBER 26, 1902.

From the Mines to the Pulpit

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.

J. A. GARFIELD.

AFTER forty years' battling with the world, oftentimes with the odds tremendously against me, having reached the point where I can look back upon many years of hard toil, now crowned with success, perhaps I am in a position and may assume the responsible task of giving a little inspiration and encouragement to the young people of to-day. I was born amidst the tin mines of Cornwall, England, on the 8th day of September, 1862. Redruth, the quaint old town of my birth and home

of my childhood, is situated on the northern coast of Cornwall, about three miles inland. My ancestors were of English descent, and, as far back as can be traced, have lived and died in their native land. As soon as I was old enough to discern things, I discovered there were three other children who had as much right in the home as myself; two others came later, making six in all, four girls and two boys.

Our home was like the many other homes in the mining district. Not much expensive furniture nor many soft carpets were found in them, yet everything was kept scrupulously clean. One room set apart as a sitting-room, also served for the library, as it contained all the books owned by the family neatly arranged on the shelves or on the center-table. It was the delight of our dear mother to gather the children together and spend the long winter evenings in the cozy sitting-room; and even now, a generation later, I can fancy myself back in the little room, watching the fire as it burned in the grate, and listening to the wind as it used to blow a hurricane along the coast, lashing the sea to foam. My father was not often permitted to spend an evening with the family, his position as night foreman keeping

him at the mine from six in the evening until seven the next morning. Thus the entire responsibility of looking after and entertaining the children after school hours fell upon mother.

Those days of childhood were certainly the happiest of my life. Being blessed with robust health, living amidst inspiring scenery, with a sufficient supply of food and clothing, if not the luxuries of life, I found happiness everywhere—in the garden, in the fields, in the woods, and by the sea. I loved to roam alone through the moors and woods and revel in the beauties of nature, and to wander down to the cliffs and sit for hours watching the vessels as they came and went with their precious cargoes. Even now it sends a vigorous thrill through my veins when I remember how we used to plunge into the strong embrace of the briny ocean and allow ourselves to be thrown about on the crest of the waves; and great was our disappointment when, because of the madness of the sea, as we used to call it, the wind would roll the billows mountain high, and we were deprived of the accustomed plunge.

A beautiful sight is old ocean when the garment of peace is spread on its surface and the

silver-tipped waves roll lazily up the shore; but when the waves are lashed by the fury of the storm, and huge vessels are being tossed like feathers on the boiling surf, the sight is terrible. Many stanch vessels have met their doom on the rock-bound coast of Cornwall, and many brave sailors have yielded up their lives in the vain attempt to bring the ship to shore. Along the coast in the quiet graveyard the traveler reads the familiar epitaph, "Unknown," which marks the spot where lies the form of some heroic toiler of the sea. "God protect the sailors to-night!" is the prayer which comes from thousands of hearts when the roaring of the hurricane, mingled with the booming of the waves as they break upon the shore, reach the ear.

One of these awful storms, which sent many noble vessels and stout-hearted sailors to their doom, comes vividly to my mind. Above the roar and fury of the storm was heard the distant booming of a cannon, which was the signal of a vessel in distress. Hurriedly the people rushed to the beach. Again the boom of the cannon came out of the hurricane, which meant to those standing on the shore a dying cry for help.

"See! there she goes!" cried the captain of

the life-saving boat crew, as the fire from the cannon's mouth lighted up the black heavens and at the same time revealed the position of the doomed vessel.

"Man the life-boat!" cried a voice.

"Impossible!" answered the captain. "No boat can keep afloat in such a sea!"

The next flash from the cannon was nearer, showing that the vessel was slowly drifting to its doom. The inability of the people on the shore to assist added to the horribleness of the fate which now seemed certain for the crew. They could do nothing but pray, and watch the angry sea as in its fury like a toy it tossed the helpless vessel. The black hull, plainly visible from the shore, now rode the crest of the billows, the next instant sank into the trough of the sea. Soon it would be dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks, or lie, a stranded wreck, upon the beach. If dashed to pieces, the sailors would perish in the boiling surf; if stranded, all lives would be saved.

"They will be saved!" exclaimed the captain, as he saw the vessel, like a struggling demon, rise from the trough of the sea only a few leagues from shore, and being driven by the fury of the storm toward the beach. Old men wept like children. Shouts of joy were

plainly heard above the roar of the tempest. They had not long to wait, for, rising once more out of the sea, the vessel, mounting the summit of a huge wave, was suddenly, as if by the force of a thousand giants, hurled upon the beach, a stranded wreck, far from the reach of the maddened sea. Again shouts of joy were heard above the din of storm and crash of timbers, while willing hands tenderly cared for the rescued ones as they were lowered down the slippery sides of the stranded hull. It was a wonderful deliverance from a watery grave. But alas for the noble vessel! She lay on the beach like a thing of life wounded unto death. No more would she proudly plow the seas; never again receive the "Godspeed you," when leaving the port, nor the "Welcome home," when the stormy voyage was over.

Although only a boy, I shall never forget the feeling of sadness which overshadowed me as I viewed the wreck. The sea was calm, and looked as innocent as a mill-pond; the fishing smacks danced merrily upon its surface. It seemed impossible that only a few hours before it was lashing in its fury to a seething foam, and bidding defiance to the approach of man; but such is the way of old ocean, and "in

time of calm prepare for storm" has long since become a saying with seafaring men.

But what became of the wreck? Like all others thrown upon the shore, when no longer fit for the sea, it was sold to the highest bidder. In this case it went to a mining company, who used the massive timbers for mining purposes. Years after I came across some of these timbers down in the dark caverns of the mine. Again a feeling of sadness came over me when I remembered how these solid oak timbers used to ride proudly the waves, but were now consigned to a pit of eternal darkness. This incident is also a true picture of the many wrecked lives which once proudly sailed the sea of life bound for the port of success, but now stranded on the shores of defeat and death. Many noble vessels have been saved from destruction through the skill, tact, and heroic efforts of the mariner who, in times of calm, prepared for storm, while many have become stranded wrecks through willful neglect; likewise, many lives have been saved from defeat and shame, while others have been wrecked for time and eternity.

These solemn lessons were early impressed upon our young hearts by our sainted mother,

whose greatest aim was to train up her children in the fear of the Lord, and to lay in our young hearts the foundation of truth and virtue upon which we could build in future years. In this she was successful, for God permitted her to live to see her children become men and women, each striving to walk in the path of truth which she had so clearly pointed out.

My early school days did not greatly differ from those of other boys, save that I always had a desire to be ahead in everything, whether in the schoolroom or on the playground, a disposition which came wonderfully to my relief in after years. Everything went along nicely until one day I reached the dangerous "*know-it-all*" period, became tired of school life, and wanted to go to work.

Alas! how many young lives are ruined on this fatal rock of "*know-it-all*," or "*too-big-to-go-to-school!*" Just as soon as a foundation for an education has been laid, a restless spirit takes hold of the boy, and, in many instances, in a temporary dislike for study, he closes the books, turns his back upon the school, perhaps never again to enter the halls of learning, only to realize, in after years, that it was the greatest mistake of his life.

Such is my bitter experience. I have often

thought that my indulgent parents too readily yielded to my entreaties to give up school life and go to work. And is not this too often the case? How important it is that parents begin while their children are young to teach them concerning the tremendous responsibilities of this life and the great necessity of an education to meet them! Too often the boy is left to choose for himself; and how can he choose wisely without the experience? I am satisfied that in my case it was a temporary dislike for school life and study; for after a few days of hard work I was sick at heart, and wished myself back again in the school-room; but, having once taken the step, I stubbornly held my position, not willing to acknowledge defeat nor endure the ridicule of my companions which I knew would come should I return to school.

This action on my part greatly grieved my dear mother, who was anxious to give me the best education within her power, hoping that some day I might be fitted for the greater responsibilities of life. Already, like many other loving mothers, she had sacrificed in many ways to educate her children. Weeks wore on into months, and not much more was said about my returning to school. My wages,

though small, went to help meet the expenses of the family, and soon became a fixed part of the income. Ten shillings a month, about two dollars and a half in United States money, was my first stipulated wages.

Thus I found myself, at the age of fourteen, a day laborer, having of my own free will taken a step which has ever since caused me regret. For hundreds of times have I realized, to my sorrow, the truth of the words of the sacred writer: "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct." I soon discovered this *bluntness* in my education, and early set about repairing the great wrong I had, by leaving school, inflicted on myself. This was done by attending night school and studying at home. Notwithstanding I made progress and saved myself from being wholly illiterate, I can never forgive myself for in youth taking the unwise step which deprived me of many valuable years of school, during which time I should have prepared for the stern realities of life. Should this book fall into the hands of a boy, or girl—for girls, too, need to be well trained to meet the demands of this competitive age—who is tired of school, and has formed a dis-

like for study, let me, after having passed through the bitter experience, plead with you to call a halt, and, for the sake of your future life, and also for the sake of those whom you shall be called to serve, *remain in school*, if such a thing is at all possible. Listen to those who know the world and its ways, and especially listen to one who made the great mistake, and now warns you out of the bitterness of his experience. It is a mistaken idea that you can pick up an education as you go along. An education can not be picked up; its must be *hammered out*, and youth is the time to do the hammering. If you doubt the statement, I think you will be convinced of its truth if you follow me to the end of this narrative.

My mother, being a devout Christian and a member of the Methodist Church, was careful to see that the rules of the Church respecting children were faithfully carried out, and very early in life each child was baptized and dedicated to God and his service. Hence the Church and Sunday-school are among my earliest recollections. The holy influences of these early years have never left me, not even in the darkest hours. Whenever I went astray a wonderful Power was brought to bear upon

me, both inwardly and outwardly. God's Spirit was ever present to chide, and a faithful mother's prayers to plead. These influences were always successful.

At the age of nineteen I began to take a great interest in Church work. There was not much for young people to do in those days as compared with the present. No uniquely organized young people's societies embracing all the departments of Christian work were to be found. These came later. My first opportunity for active Christian work came about in a singular manner. About one mile east of my home is a little village known as Redruth Highway. The little, primitive Methodist chapel in this place, which for generations had sounded forth the praises of God, was about to close its doors. A band of young men, of which I was a member, had agreed to hold revival-meetings in the village chapel. Permission having been granted, we went to work in faith, believing that God would bless our efforts. Our leader was Samuel T. Jackson, a local preacher, who has since made his home in America, has been for many years a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is at this writing a member of the Newark Conference, in New Jersey. Brother Jackson

did the preaching, myself and others following with earnest exhortations and prayers. In a short time the entire village was aroused and a glorious revival was in progress. About seventy souls were converted and added to the Church. This was a great victory, not only for the cause of Christ and the village chapel, but for my own soul. I had long been debating the question in my mind as to whether or not I should preach the gospel, and had made it a subject of special prayer. The question was settled at this time. I determined to obey the Lord and preach the gospel should he call.

The "Revival Band," as we were called, was in demand, and other meetings were held, resulting in the conversion of many souls.

I will close this chapter with an incident which happened in our home. My only brother, James, was not a Christian, and it gave me no little uneasiness when I remembered that, like myself, he had been baptized and dedicated to God. One night, long after the family had retired, James came home, after having spent the evening with boon companions. He crept into bed, but, as I discovered a little later, not to sleep. He tossed to and fro, and seemed to be greatly disturbed

about something. I was awake, but up to this time had not spoken to him. A little later I heard him sobbing, and, turning to him, I said: "James, what is the matter?" Imagine my surprise when he answered by asking me to pray for him. The next instant two forms were kneeling by the bedside and two voices could be heard in prayer. God was quick to answer our prayers. James, having yielded himself to God, accepted Christ as his Savior, was made happy in a Savior's pardoning love.

By this time the entire family was aroused, and there was a great rejoicing over James's conversion. Mother's joy knew no bounds; for, while James had not been a very wicked young man, he had caused her no little anxiety, and for many years had been the burden of her prayers. Many thought James would not continue in the new life so suddenly begun; but in this they were mistaken. Several years later we met in America, and talked over the midnight prayer-meeting which led him to Christ. This meeting was also our last meeting on earth. His health began to fail, and compelled him to return to his native land. He regained his strength, went to South Africa, and worked in the gold mines at Johannesburg. One day he was stricken with the fever pe-

culiar to that country, and died in a few hours. Some day I hope, by the grace of God, to meet him again in a better world, and once more talk of the midnight prayer-meeting when God spoke peace to his soul.

I close this fragmentary sketch of my early life with the thought that, notwithstanding one's early life may have many serious mistakes, yet it is possible to accomplish much good, and each victory gained while young will serve to strengthen in later years.

CHAPTER II

IN THE TIN MINES OF CORNWALL

“Dark, dark, is the yawning chasm
That lies beneath his feet,
Where day by day the miner
Toils for bread to eat;
Dangers stand thick around him,
From morn until the night
As he gropes through eternal darkness
Shut out from heaven’s sunlight.”

My first place of labor was in a crucible factory. The crucibles were used in the various assay offices in the process of testing the value of the ores taken from the numerous mines. It was not long until I had a desire to go down one of these mines. Having been born and reared among them, and my ancestors having been miners, it was not unnatural that I should be led in this direction. I had always been familiar with the groaning and thumping of the big engines as the water and ore were raised to the surface. I was also aware of some of the dangers incident to a miner’s life. Often had I stood at the mouth of the shaft

and watched the miners as they tenderly handled the mangled, and sometimes lifeless, forms of their comrades who had been crushed in the mine below ; for frequently men were crushed to death by falling rocks, dashed to pieces from falling hundreds of feet, or horribly mutilated by premature or delayed explosions. I knew it was not my parents' wish that I should work in the mine, so for a time I kept my desires to myself. One day, however, I asked my father to secure a place for me, as I knew it was in his power so to do. I also laid the matter before my mother. As I expected, she was bitterly opposed to my entering the mine, and used every effort to dissuade me from my purpose. Finally my parents very reluctantly gave their consent, hoping that a few days of actual experience would lead me to change my mind.

The Pednandrea Mine is situated near the town of Redruth, and it was in this mine that I received my first experience in mining. The mine was about one hundred and fifty fathoms, or nine hundred feet, deep. Early Monday morning found me dressed in a miner's suit, ready for the descent. I am sure I presented a very striking appearance, being short in stature and small for my age ; yet I prided

myself in possessing, what all miners have to a certain degree, grit and courage; and I soon discovered that I needed both. The candle, which was to give me the much-needed light, was neatly rolled in a small lump of soft clay and securely fastened on the front of my hat, which was made of hard material for this purpose; also to protect the head from falling stones or other articles. As is the custom, I was given over to the charge of an experienced miner. My father had chosen wisely in my case; had secured as my guardian one of the best men in the mine, William Terril, a man of sterling qualities, as was shown by his earnest and consistent Christian life. He was also rich in experience, having mined for many years, both in England and America.

All being ready, we drew near to the shaft. Shall I ever forget that morning? Never! The mode of descending was by ladders. The top of the first ladder raised its head about four or five feet above the surface, to give the miner a good hold before making the descent. A large group of men and boys had gathered around the mouth of the dark shaft, drinking in the glorious sunshine as it came streaming over the eastern hills. Finally, one by one they began to disappear down the black

hole. I was standing behind William Terril, who had instructed me to follow him down the ladder, which I began to do as soon as his head was below the surface. At the bottom of the first ladder a short halt was made and a light procured. After receiving my first lesson in adjusting the candle on the front of my hat, we continued our descent. Down, down we went, using the utmost care, for one misstep would have hurled us into the yawning depths and to certain death.

I am frank to confess that fear crept into my young heart as we continued to go down into the bowels of the earth. The water was dripping from the slimy walls, which looked like the sides of a huge grave, into which we were descending. The sound of our feet reverberated through the dark caverns like the booming of distant cannons; the flickering lights of the men who had preceded us could be seen dancing in the thick darkness far below. The sensation produced by the gloomy surroundings, and the flickering lights so far below revealing the awful emptiness beneath one's feet and the terrible consequences awaiting even one misstep, was anything but pleasant, and was enough to make quake a stouter heart than mine. Once I stood still for a moment,

and thought of retracing my steps, and forever renouncing mining as a calling. But my companions would have considered that cowardly; so, in spite of my fears, I continued to descend. It took about thirty minutes to work our way down the long shaft; and, winding through several crooked passages, we finally reached our place of labor. I began to breathe a little easier when we reached the resting-place and the terrible strain of the previous thirty minutes began to pass away.

The interior of a mine was not at all as I had pictured. I had imagined a deep hole in the ground with men digging out the rock wherever a chance could be found; but, instead, I discovered that the shaft was sunk on the vein, and at distances, varying in depth from fifty to one hundred feet, "levels," or tunnels, were run out in both directions, following the vein. Also, at various distances in the levels intermediate shafts, called "winze," were sunk, thus connecting with the level below, and at the same time dividing the vein into sections, called "blocks." The men were divided into groups, varying in numbers from two to ten, and sometimes more. Each group was given a certain block of the vein, which was worked until the ore was exhausted, or

until it ceased to yield the ore in paying quantities. Large timbers were placed against the hanging walls for the safety and convenience of the miners. In like manner, the tracks were made by placing timbers across the gaping chasm made by excavating the ore, and laying rails upon them. These tracks are used for the purpose of bringing the ores from the farthest workings of the mine to the main shaft, and thence it is hoisted to the surface.

Our place of labor was five hundred and forty feet below the surface, and about one thousand feet west of the main shaft. Here again my courage almost failed me as I beheld the ragged rocks hanging directly overhead, and once more I wished I had taken my parents' advice.

"What are you looking at?" said William Terril, as I stood in utter amazement looking at the threatening rocks, which seemed to me as if at any moment they might fall and grind us to powder.

"Are you not afraid they will come down?" I asked.

"O, I think not," was the reply.

"Well," I replied, "you have had experience, and ought to know, but I do n't like the looks of things around here, and some day,

perhaps in the near future, these rocks will come down, and woe be unto the ones who shall be caught under!"

My predictions came true, and much sooner than William had expected; but, fortunately for us, the crash came in the night, when no one was working in that section. Men at work in another part of the mine heard the terrific crash and roar of the falling rocks. In the morning we discovered that an avalanche of rocks, amounting to thousands of tons, had fallen, completely wrecking the place. This wonderful escape from a horrible death made a profound impression on my mind. I began to realize more and more the great necessity of being ready at any moment to meet death, since the miner can not tell when he may be brought face to face with the swift messenger.

Another group of men were not so fortunate when, a short time before our wonderful escape, a similar accident occurred. While they were working, not thinking of danger, there was a loud report, instantly followed by the crash of rocks. Four men were instantly killed; two others were taken out alive, Samuel Collins and Luke Tonkin. Samuel Collins lived only a few moments after his mangled body was taken from beneath the

rocks. His death was most touching. For many years he had been a devout Christian, and now, his body crushed and racked with pain, he spent the few moments remaining to him in prayer. After committing his wife and children to the keeping of God, he laid his head upon the rocks, already dripping with his life's blood, and passed to his eternal reward. His son, a young man, was instantly killed by his side. Luke Tonkin was more fortunate, having been saved by the arching of two huge rocks above his head, thus escaping with only a few bruises.

It is the custom of the miners to rest for a few moments upon reaching the place of labor. The resting-place is selected with care; sometimes a little nook, blasted out of the solid rock for some other purpose, makes a good and also safe resting-place; or it may be under the shelter of huge timbers. Here the older men smoke, if addicted to the habit, and many of them are, while the younger ones joke and tell amusing stories. Occasionally the older men give themselves up to story-telling, and some of the tales are ghost stories too; for every mine has its ghost stories. I confess I felt a little nervous as I sat for the first time and heard those "true" ghost stories. The

story was always about some one who had been killed in the mine, and the ghost was wandering about the old workings. So realistic did these stories seem to me, and so accurately were they told, that I often peered away into the dense darkness, fully expecting to see the ghost approaching; but, of course, it never came.

I remember one story about a man who was killed by falling rocks. After his death the sound of falling rocks could be heard at stated times. The story went on to say that a miner, passing by this lonely spot one day, was suddenly horrified by the crash of falling rocks directly above his head. There was no possible chance of his escape; he was in the direct path of the avalanche. He braced himself, determined to meet death bravely, when, instead of the cruel rocks crushing him, the deafening noise passed, leaving him unharmed, while the rocks seemed to roll all around. After recovering from surprise, the miner began to investigate; but not a rock had fallen, and not a thing had been displaced. Relating his experience to the other miners, the strange phenomenon was quickly and satisfactorily explained when an old miner said that several

years ago a man was killed at that place by falling rocks. This explanation seemed to satisfy all present, and, of course, I had to accept it. I may add, though, that I passed this lonely spot several times, and often alone, but never heard the "Falling Rocks" ghost. Finally I came to the conclusion that the ghost stories were told for amusement and pastime, and perhaps, also, to try the nerves of the young miner, and I find no reason at this late day to change my opinion.

After the few moments' rest, the day's work began, some with hammer and drill, others with pick and shovel, wresting the strong rock from its place of security. Holes were bored into the solid rock, charged with powder, and exploded, thus tearing the rock asunder, when it would be placed into cars, sent to the main shaft, and hoisted to the surface.

The day's work done, then began the toilsome task of ascending the long shaft. This is very tiresome, and only those who have experienced the fatigue which comes through climbing hundreds of feet up the winding shaft can fully realize it. There are resting-places along the way, and I remember with what pleasure we approached them, and with what

joy we greeted the precious daylight, reaching the surface just in time to catch the sun kissing the western hills good-night.

I recall a thrilling experience through which I passed shortly after I began to work in the mine. One day I was ascending the shaft, alone, and when about half way up my light suddenly went out, leaving me in total darkness. I had neglected that morning to replenish my matchbox, and to my consternation I found it was empty. There was only one of two things to do: either sit down in my tracks, or grope my way to the surface. To sit down meant to remain in the cold, damp atmosphere perhaps for hours, so I decided to grope my way, if possible, to the surface. I had become quite familiar with the ladder-way, and found no difficulty until a long, winding passage was reached. Here I crept on my hands and knees. I did not dare risk walking erect, for there were several places along the passage where the bottom had been taken out, and only a single plank served for a bridge across the yawning abyss. When I reached the first plank I hesitated to cross, thinking that, rather than take such a risk, perhaps I had better wait, if necessary, even until the next day; but a spirit of venture and daring had also

seized me, and, with a desire to accomplish what I considered at that time a daring feat, I began to creep along the slippery plank. A loose stone slipped over the edge, as my feet pulled away from the solid ground, and went crashing down the dark depths. I paused for a moment, and listened to the sound echoing and re-echoing through the caverns below, and at the same time thought of my own fate should I slip off the narrow bridge. I began to breathe easier when I felt the solid ground at the other end of the plank. In this manner I dragged myself along for hundreds of feet, until I finally came to the ladders, and from this point I had no difficulty in reaching the surface.

For some time I kept the secret of my perilous journey; and when I finally made it known, some admired me for my pluck, as they called it; but wise old William Terril scolded me for my foolhardiness, a scolding which I justly deserved. However, it taught me the lesson always to carry a good supply of matches ever afterwards.

It may interest my readers to know how some of the mines of Cornwall are situated. Tin is found at various points along the western coast, and at some places even in the sands

along the shore. Likewise, veins are found on the cliffs close to the sea. The vein is followed down to the level of the sea, then below it, and even out under the sea, until it is said the miners can hear the rumbling of the mighty ocean above their heads. The Levant Mine, near Land's End, runs out about one mile under the sea, the miners working with the sea rolling hundreds of feet above their heads. Large pumping engines are at work day and night throwing the water to the surface, or to a certain level, where a hole has been made in the side of the cliff, from which place it goes splashing back into the sea. In this region are to be found some of the largest pumping engines in the world. Not all the mines are along the coast; many of them are several miles inland, the surrounding country being rich in the deposits of tin and copper.

As time wore on I became accustomed to the dark and gloomy mine. Months wore into years, and no more was said about my returning to school. I was now considered a miner in the fullest sense of the word; but I was far from satisfied with the choice I had made, and so availed myself of every opportunity to prepare for some more desirable and useful life-calling. This was done by attending night

school and studying at home. In this way year after year I plodded on, each year realizing more and more the irreparable mistake I had made in leaving school at such an early age; but, for the present, at least, there was but one thing to do—to keep on in the way I had marked out for myself.

CHAPTER III

DANGERS OF MINING

“Deep down in the earth’s dark caverns,
The miner mines the ore,
Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before.”

THE fourteen long years spent in the tin mines of Cornwall and the gold mines of Colorado have made me familiar with all the phases and dangers of mining. There is scarcely a danger incident to mining to which I have not been exposed, and several times I barely escaped death. Once my comrade was stricken down by my side, and I escaped without harm.

A whole volume could easily be written on the dangers of this hazardous calling. In this chapter I will endeavor to portray a few of the dangers through which the seeker of the precious minerals must pass. Speaking from experience, I can say that but few men in other callings have so disagreeable or so hard a lot. Deep down in the dark, dreary caverns

of the mine, breathing a damp, close atmosphere, suffering from intense heat, drenched with pouring water, exposed to a thousand dangers, laboring from morn till night, or from night till morn, with hammer and drill, pick and shovel, truly it can be said the miner has no enviable lot. He may be forgotten by those who tread the greensward above his head, bathing in the glorious sunshine which he rarely ever sees, and breathing the pure breath of heaven, for the lack of which the poor miner's lungs are becoming choked and shriveled, yet all men profit by his industry. By some his calling has been considered low and degrading, and often he has been called "the dirty miner." This is both unfair and ungrateful. It is only right that his brave and arduous work should be generously recognized, and that he receive the sympathy of all men which he so worthily deserves. His is a noble work, characterized by ingenuity and enterprise. No other calls for greater thought, effort, and daring. The sinking of the shaft through the glistening granite, the tunneling through the heart of the solid earth, the blasting out of the huge galleries, can be accomplished only by the combined effort of science, philosophy, and courage. In the min-

ing districts the rate of mortality is something appalling. Should the miner avoid the thousand dangers which threaten him, he rarely escapes the dreadful disease known as "miners' consumption," which is simply the stopping up of the lungs with dust and poisonous damps. The following article, taken from an English paper printed in the mining district, and which can also be applied to the mining districts of other countries, portrays in striking language this terrible disease: "Miners' complaint is not so prevalent as it used to be. This is largely owing to the improved conditions of labor underground, as well as better food and housing. Probably at present the greatest risk is incurred by those who work boring machines, which are everywhere more or less hurtful to the users. The dust which arises may be arrested in the upper air passages; but, as the *Hospital* points out, an extra breath, or an extra amount of dust in the atmosphere, may cause a miner to inhale enough to affect the bronchial membranes. Ultimately inflammation and suppuration follow. The miner first suffers from bronchitis; but soon the disease spreads to the lungs, and the typical symptoms resemble phthisis. The miner is an anæmic, enfeebled individual, breathing rapidly

and with great difficulty, incapable of making any physical effort, and troubled with a perpetually hacking cough. He walks about his village an object of pity, 'waiting for his turn.' Perhaps he will have five years to wait; commonly he will have only four; more commonly he will have only two or three years to wait."

As a result of the fearful rate of mortality there are many widows and orphans in mining localities, and too frequently hunger and want stare them in the face. The sufferings and want of these unfortunate people, however, have been greatly relieved by the many "benefit societies" which have sprung up in their midst, such as the Masons, Odd Fellows, Foresters, and numerous others. What many of these poor, dying men, widows, and orphans would do without these societies I do not know. There may be places in the world where these societies can be dispensed with; but, from what I have seen of their work, and the vast amount of good I know they have accomplished and are still accomplishing in mining localities, both in England and America, I predict that these people will not willingly or soon give them up. These benefit societies, often misnamed "secret orders," are, therefore, certainly

a great blessing to these disabled miners, widows, and orphans.

To portray the dangers of mining is a difficult task, since we may never expect to approach near the reality. The first danger is that of descending the shaft. When ladders are used, many men have taken a misstep, lost their hold, and fallen to instant death. But ladders are not now employed, except in cases of emergency; the cage, or the bucket, and in some cases the man-engine, being the methods generally adopted. One must pass through this thrilling experience of plunging hundreds of feet down a chasm in order to appreciate fully the danger. I shall never forget my first experience in the California Mine, in Gilpin County, Colorado. To the inexperienced, one look into the long, black shaft is enough to make him shrink and tremble; but when he enters the bucket, and becomes conscious of the fact that he is dangling at the end of a slender rope, with a gaping chasm two thousand feet in depth beneath him, it is enough to chill the blood and cause the heart to cease to beat. The feeling which came over me when I made my first descent into this mine can not be described. The thought flashed through my mind, What if the rope should break? I will

ask the reader to accompany me in this descent. You take your place in the bucket. The signal is given, the lever of the great engine is reversed, and then you experience the distressing sensation of falling through space. Down! down! each moment seems an age! Will we never reach the bottom? One minute—two, three, four, five—we are now one thousand feet below the surface, with every ray of precious daylight shut out. The darkness is so thick you imagine you can feel it, and that you are breathing it into your very lungs. Down! down! down! The bucket is tearing and plunging in its flight like a mad demon taking you to the bottomless pit. Ten minutes of agony is enough to try the stoutest nerves. Suddenly the motion stops, and you are surrounded by dim lights and grimy faces. Climbing out of the bucket, you find yourself in a huge chamber, blasted out of the solid rock, two thousand feet below the surface. Here branch out levels, some of which are thousands of feet in length. The “Dolcoath” Mine, in Cornwall, England, and only four miles from my home, has over seventy-five miles of levels and galleries. In the accomplishment of this enormous task men have been continually working for more than eighty-five

years. Three generations at least, according to the length of a miner's life, have passed away during this time. Scattered throughout these levels and galleries six hundred men are at work, while on the surface a like number are employed taking care of the mineral as it is sent up from the mine.

As you follow your leader along the levels your ear is greeted by the sound of the hammer and the pick. Above you and below you men are wrestling with the strong rock for the precious mineral which it holds so securely in its embrace. Suddenly a tremendous roar reverberates through the lofty galleries and makes the walls tremble around you, and at the same time the crash of falling rocks bursts upon your ear. You look about for a way of escape; but it is too late; for if your thoughts and fears were to be realized the rocks would have already crushed you beneath their weight. The roar and crash of falling rocks are explained when you learn that the loud report was a blast from the level above, tearing off a portion of the gold-bearing rock. Men are working all around—in the drift ahead, the winze below, and in the galleries overhead. This presents an uncanny sight when for the first time witnessed in the dim light of the flicker-

ing candle. In some places, where the heat is intense, the men are stripped to the waist. The perspiration, mingled with the dust, glistening on their bodies; the groans which escape the miner's lips at each blow of the hammer; the clanging of the hammers, drills, picks, and shovels, seem to recall Dante's vision of the infernal regions. For eight hours this fierce struggle is kept up, only to be renewed by another set of men, who are likewise relieved at the end of eight hours. Thus, day and night, the battle is continually waged between flesh and rock.

Having witnessed this, you are now ready for the ascent. The same bucket, with open mouth, is waiting at the bottom of the shaft. You would prefer to escape the thrilling experience of ascending the long shaft, but there is no alternative. You are two thousand feet below the surface, and if you are again to behold the sunlight you must enter the bucket and trust to the rope. All being ready, the signal is given by pulling the bell rope, or pushing the electric button, and, two thousand feet above, the wheels of the great engine commence to move, and the journey to the surface has begun. The sensation is not so peculiar as was that of descending; neither is

there that dread which filled you when you were being dropped into the mine; but, instead of hesitation and fear, hope springs higher in your breast as each revolution of the engine brings you nearer the coveted surface; and when at length you turn away from the deep, dark hole in the ground, unconsciously a sigh of relief escapes your lips, and, like many others, you may resolve that, unless circumstances compel you, you will never again undertake a like adventure.

The danger of descending and ascending the shaft is much dreaded by the miners, and I assure my readers that I was no exception to this rule. Often I have resorted to the tedious task of "walking," as climbing the ladders is called, in preference to riding. But after the hard day's work is done, the opportunity to ride is a great temptation, and often the most timid will run the risk, notwithstanding some of the most appalling accidents connected with mining have happened. In August, 1883, about one month previous to my departure from England for America, a terrible accident of this nature occurred at "Wheal Agar Mine," about two miles from my home. At the time I was working in the mine adjoining, the "East Pool." It was about six o'clock in the

morning. We were about to descend to our places of labor, when news reached us that a terrible accident had happened in the mine across the way. Men looked at one another with blanched faces, and strong men wept when they heard of the fate of their fellow-men. Among the miners there is a bond of sympathy, linking heart to heart, and at these trying times no effort is made to conceal the feelings. The men in the ill-fated mine had just completed the night shift, and had congregated at the bottom of the shaft to wait for the cage, as was their custom, to ride to the surface, a distance of about twelve hundred feet. A booming sound, made by the cage in its downward flight, told them that it was coming; the next instant it was at their feet. The cage, being made with two compartments, had room for twelve men, six in each compartment. It was soon filled with men eager to reach the surface. The thirteenth man, contrary to the rules of the mine, had taken his place on the roof of the cage. The signal was given, and the cage, with its precious cargo of thirteen human beings, commenced to ascend the long shaft. The men expected soon to reach the surface, and once more return to the fond embrace of wife and children; and in the

miner's home the good wife was preparing the morning meal, anxiously waiting her husband's return. The children were planning to run and meet father, and climb into his strong, loving arms, as they had often done before. But alas! that such joyous anticipations should so suddenly be turned into weeping. Miners often sing religious songs while descending and ascending the shaft, not merely to while away the time, but to bring comfort to their hearts; for many of them are God-fearing men. In this case the voices of the men in the cage had already reached the surface, and could be distinctly heard by the men standing at the top of the shaft as they sang an old Church hymn. Nearer and nearer the surface they came; so near that they could hear the voices of the men at the top, and could feel the fresh morning air playing around their cheeks. Almost safe! The top of the cage came into view. The man who had taken his place on the roof stepped off on a lower landing. One more revolution of the engine, and all will be safe. Just then one of the men on the surface, who had been looking in the direction of the rope, cried: "Look! look! The rope! the rope!" Horror-stricken, the men looked at the rope, and then

at one another. They were powerless to render the slightest help. It was only a moment—it seemed an age! The rope twists! It cracks! Heaven help—it parts! The men on the surface listened for a moment as the cage made one mad plunge into the pit of death! No one moved; all were filled with horror. It seemed as if it were a terrible nightmare, or a fearful dream. But one by one they began to realize the truth of the awful calamity—that twelve of their fellow-laborers had met a sudden and horrible death, and that to the long list twelve more had been added who had sacrificed their lives in the performance of an irksome duty.

Sometimes there have been escapes which seemed miraculous. In Cornwall six men were precipitated down a winding shaft hundreds of feet, and escaped almost without injury. The cage kept the track, its speed having been checked at intervals by the curves in the shaft. Finally it struck the “gate,” a heavy obstruction placed across the shaft, which stopped it. It all happened in so short a time that the men did not fully realize their danger. At the surface no one imagined that the men had escaped death; but, strange to say, only one man was

injured, and he not fatally. Below the "gate" was sixty feet of water, and had the cage gone through death would have been certain.

These terrible accidents, and others of the same nature, caused a demand for greater protection and safety in descending the shaft, and to-day this danger has been greatly lessened by the use of "catches," an invention which stops the cage in case the rope should break. The "catches" consist of huge jaws, which are kept open by the weight of the cage; but the instant the weight is taken from the rope, either by the parting of the rope or by the cage resting on the bottom, the "catches" come together with a snap, at the same time burying their teeth in the timbers known as runners, which act as guides for the cage, reaching from the top to the bottom of the shaft. In this manner the cage is arrested, sometimes falling only a few feet after the rope has parted.

Some years ago an inventive mind devised the "man-engine" as a means for descending and ascending the shaft. This method, likewise, has its dangers, but is taken by many in preference to the cage. The man-engine is a long beam, or "rod," as it is sometimes called, about eight inches square, and reach-

ing from the surface to the bottom of the shaft. Securely fastened to the beam are steps, about one foot and one-half square. These steps are placed twelve feet apart, the exact stroke of the beam when in motion. In the shaft are platforms, also twelve feet apart. The steps on the beam and the platforms in the shaft are brought to a level at each stroke of the beam. To descend by the man-engine the miner takes his place on the first step when it is even with the surface, at the same time taking hold of the iron handhold which is fastened to the beam, about four feet above each step. The step remains stationary for two or three seconds, the time taken for the engine to turn the center. The downward plunge of the beam takes him down twelve feet. Here the same pause is made; he steps off, and if men are ascending, they step on. By this time the engine has turned the center, and the beam takes an upward move, taking with it all the men who desire to reach the surface. The man who is descending must now wait until the full stroke of the beam is made, which brings another step to his feet; if another man is ascending on this step, he steps off, while the one descending steps on, and is carried down another twelve feet. Thus, by means

of the long beam working up and down, men are taken down, while others are being lifted to the surface, in "jumps" of twelve feet; or, rather, the beam takes the jumps and the men hang on. While ascent or descent by means of the man-engine may appear to be easy, it is accompanied with great danger, and many unfortunate, or perhaps, in some cases, careless ones, have met with instant death by this method. My experience taught me that the greatest danger is in making the ascent. There must be close attention paid to every move. Carelessness or a misstep might mean instant death or a horribly mangled form. The hole in the platform is just large enough to admit the step, so it can be readily seen that a careless position of the head or shoulders would catch the miner between the step and platform and crush him. More than once I came near being caught in this manner. Once my shoulder was caught beneath the edge of the platform, but presence of mind and a sudden wrench saved me from a horrible fate; as it was, I escaped with a badly bruised shoulder, which for days constantly reminded me of my narrow escape. I soon discovered that the only safety was in keeping close to the beam, with a firm grasp on the handhold. The beam,

once set in motion, stops for nothing. Should the body of a man get in its way, it would crush it as easily as it would crush an egg-shell; hence nothing but constant vigilance on the part of the miner will save him from serious accident. Yet, dangerous as the man-engine is, it is a wonderful invention, and is regarded by the miner almost as a thing of life.

Water is also an enemy to the miner, and many lives have been swept away by the in-rushing torrents; sometimes coming from an abandoned mine, and sometimes from floods on the surface. There are bodies in some of the deep mines of Cornwall which will never be found. In one instance a subterranean lake was encountered, instantly flooding the mine, and drowning several men. To pump out this water is considered an impossibility. The bodies must await the resurrection morn. It is also a part of mining history in Cornwall, that in 1846 a waterspout, traveling from the sea, in the Newlyn East District, broke over East and North Rose Mine, instantly flooding it, and drowning fifty-three men. In another mine, on the western coast of Cornwall, while the waves of the Atlantic are beating against the tall cliffs above, the

waves of a subterranean sea are tossing the bodies of twenty unfortunate miners on the bosom of its inky waters.

Neither is this danger of water confined to Cornwall, where large bodies of water are encountered in close proximity to the sea, but thousands of miles inland, and thousands of feet above the sea, in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and, in fact, everywhere where mining is prosecuted to any extent, the same danger in some form is met. A large body of water was encountered a few years ago in a mine near Central City, Col. The men were working at their posts hundreds of feet below the surface, when suddenly they were appalled by a tremendous roar. With whitened faces the men looked at one another, for each had guessed the awful truth. The water had broken in from an abandoned mine. There was not a moment to lose, and only those working in the upper levels had the slightest chance to escape. Almost instantly those in the bottom of the mine found a watery grave. A father and son—Henry Prisk and little Willie, for Willie was but a boy, and was at one time a member of my Sunday-school class—made a desperate struggle for life. They were below the point where the water broke

in, and were fighting their way against the current. Up, up! they went, the foaming waters following like some wild beast eager for its prey. Every nerve was strained, the strength taxed to the utmost. The father several times endangered his life to save his son, whose strength was unequal to the dreadful task, now helping him over the rocks, now taking him across the dangerous opening, the water and débris crashing down around them; now up the perpendicular ladders in the face of the downpouring torrent! But flesh and blood were never intended for such a battle, and especially for one so tender in years as Willie. He had made a heroic effort, but could do no more. A faint cry escaped his lips, quickly followed by a splash! The angry waters closed over the frail form, thus adding one more to the list of the dead. The father would gladly have plunged after his darling boy had there been the slightest possibility of rescuing him; but hope there was none. His greatest duty now was to save himself, if possible; for in the home were other children and a wife dependent on him for support, and who knew nothing of the terrible struggle the husband and father was making in the lonely shaft. With almost superhuman

strength he forced himself up through the rushing torrent. Those above the danger point had given up hope of seeing any of their unfortunate comrades alive ; but a few did make their escape, and Henry Prisk was among the number. Bruised and bleeding, he dragged himself up the last ladder, and, in an exhausted condition, placed himself beyond the danger point. With heavy heart he climbed the mountain path leading to his home. The news of the catastrophe had reached it before him. He was received with joy and sorrow—joy for his safe return, sorrow for Willie, who would never return. In this case the water was pumped out, and the bodies recovered and laid to rest in the quiet graveyard under the shadows of the snowcapped hills.

I will speak of one other danger to which the miner is daily exposed—the blasting of the rock with powder or dynamite. It is not uncommon in the mining districts to see men with sightless sockets, disfigured faces, or armless coatsleeves, resulting from premature or delayed explosions, while numbers have been ushered into eternity without a moment's warning. I will illustrate this danger by a very pitiful case which came under my own notice while I was yet working in the gold

mines of Colorado. Thomas Tippet, a fellow-miner, left his home one morning for his place of labor in the mine. Everything went well until it came to placing the dynamite in the hole. Suddenly there was a loud report, quickly followed by a blinding flash, and the young man lay a bleeding, helpless mass upon the rocks beneath. A premature explosion had occurred while he was placing the dynamite in the hole. Willing hands were speedily at the side of the unfortunate young man, and tenderly carried the mangled form to the station, and from thence he was slowly hoisted to the surface. As a result of this accident, after long weeks of suffering, one eye was yielded up, and the face otherwise disfigured. Fully appreciating the value of the remaining eye, and not wishing to run the risk of again descending the dark and dangerous mine, he secured a place on the surface. One day, while working on a grade on the side of a mountain, it was necessary to use some dynamite to blast off a portion of the rock, when in some mysterious manner he once more became the victim, this time of a delayed explosion—which means that the charge had failed to explode at the proper time, perhaps on account of a faulty place in the fuse. After waiting a

stated time, he returned to recharge the hole, and while engaged in this the explosion occurred. The second accident deprived him of the remaining eye, compelling him to grope his way through the world in darkness. It fell to my lot to help nurse him through this last affliction. It was a sad duty. One day, lifting his bandaged face, wet with scalding tears, he said to me, "Brother George, it is so hard to feel one's eye trickling down the cheek; but I have learned to trust in God, and he will never forsake me." My heart was moved with pity as I beheld him, knowing that it was too true; for the remaining eye was so torn by the blast that it ran out, and left nothing but the empty socket.

This case, as do others of a like nature, called forth the sympathies of his fellow-men. The members of our Church—the St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, in Central City, of which the unfortunate young man was also a member—organized a relief society for his benefit. After a thorough canvass, we placed into his hands a check, at the same time telling him there were over eleven hundred dollars in the bank to his credit. Of course, his joy knew no bounds. He could only stammer thanks to his benefactors, while the tears

streamed from his sightless eyes and ran down his cheeks.

The above case is only one of thousands. There is not a day without serious accidents, wherein some are maimed for life, while others are killed outright. This may seem a gruesome chapter, but the facts are not overdrawn. The agonies endured by the miner can never be told by man. Of him it can truly be said:

“Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push him to the tomb.”

CHAPTER IV

LEAVING HOME

"The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold 'adieu,' no 'farewell,' lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
'God bless thee, boy! Good-bye!'"

THE turning point of a young man's life is when he steps out from under the parental roof, and for himself faces the stern realities of the world. The continuous working in the tin mines, with little or no prospect of improving my financial condition, became very monotonous, and was no small factor in causing me to take the step. Hundreds of my fellow-laborers began life struggling, and ended it in the same manner. The average wages paid the Cornish miner is barely sufficient to meet the needs of the family. It is not my intention to cast undue reflection on the mining industry of Cornwall, yet it must

be admitted that the wages paid the miners are far below the wages paid in America. Perhaps this is due largely to the fact that the mines in Cornwall are old, and can no longer yield the ores in large quantities, and many of them are being worked on a close margin of profit, and in some instances at a great loss; while in America the country is comparatively new, and the mineral resources almost limitless. But let the cause be what it may, it is none the less true that England loses hundreds of her young men every year, who leave their native land, many of them never to return, for America, or some other foreign country, where the inducements are greater and a higher price is paid for labor. For myself, I was heartily tired of working for so little compensation. For seven years I had been in the mines, and was no further ahead, financially, than when I began. The only consolation I had was that during these seven years of toil I had helped to meet the expenses of the home. I was now nearly twenty-one years of age, and without money enough to take me out of the county in which I was born. I considered my case from every standpoint, but did not find much to encourage me; and, to make matters appear a great deal worse,

operations had ceased where I had been working, leaving me without employment and money. After making several unsuccessful attempts to get work in the various mines, I finally abandoned the search, and began to lay plans for a broader future. Often I would sit for hours and watch the vessels as they came from distant lands, and wonder if somewhere beyond the deep blue sea there was not a place of greater opportunity—a land where a young man could, by merit, rise above the poor conditions surrounding him at birth. Yes! I had heard of such a land. I had heard of its heroic, self-made men in such characters as Lincoln and Garfield—of Lincoln, with his ax, hewing his way from log-cabin to White House; of Garfield, from the little clearing in the backwoods, to the same place. To this land of opportunity I decided to go. I soon discovered, however, that with the amount of money I possessed, a journey that would require fifteen or twenty pounds—seventy-five or one hundred dollars in United States money—was no small undertaking. There were two plans, either of which would take me across the Atlantic: First, to borrow the money if possible; second, to work my passage across the ocean. The first plan would

be more desirable and independent, so I began to look about for the necessary amount. I knew it would be useless to ask my parents for money, for they were opposed to my leaving home; and even had they favored my course, they had not the means to render the necessary help. Fortune seemed to favor me, however, and I soon had the money—enough to pay my passage to New York, and a small amount left to reach one of the mining districts. Willing hands, yet heavy hearts, were kept busy for several days preparing changes of raiment and other things that would be needed for the next two or three years. There was one whose heart was filled with sorrow, and whose tears kept time with the stitches made with her hands. It was mother. The thought of her boy going out into the world alone was almost more than she could endure. The last few days were spent in calling on friends and relatives, and in visiting familiar places along the seashore. As the time to leave drew near it began to dawn upon my mind that it was not such an easy thing to leave home as I had thought it would be. It took a tremendous effort to break away from loved ones and the surroundings of childhood.

At last the morning came, the 19th day of

September, 1883. A hasty breakfast, and a sweet good-bye to all was said. Mother was the last one to give me up. Throwing her loving arms around my neck, and drawing me close to her bosom, as only a mother can do, she said through her tears: "God bless you, my boy! I have done my best to train you in the fear of the Lord. You are about to go to a strange land, where you will find many temptations to lead you astray; but God will help you to overcome them if you put your trust in him. I have committed you to the keeping of Him who never sleeps, and who has promised to guide his children with his fatherly eye. Good-bye. If we never meet again on earth, may we, by the grace of God, meet in heaven. Let me kiss you once more. Good-bye. God bless you! Good-bye!" Little did I think that I would never see her again; that I had received the last kiss from a mother's lips, and the last embrace from her loving arms. She has gone to be with Christ, which is far better. By God's help, I expect to meet her where parting is not known.

The train came thundering in. A farewell to father and brother, who had accompanied me to the station, and the next moment I was being carried from the place of my birth and

the happy scenes of childhood. Each meadow and lane seemed to say good-bye as the train passed hurriedly on. Away to the north the tall cliffs stretched far above the lowlands, as if to present a parting view. In a short time the familiar scenes had been left far behind, and I began to realize, for the first time in my life, that I was out in the world and alone.

I soon discovered, however, that I was not the only one on the train bound for America. There were several young men—some from places west of my home, others came on later. Only one was from my own home—James Martin. We soon found each other, and decided to cast our lots together until we reached our journey's end. Late that night we arrived at Liverpool, from which port we were to set sail the next day. The next morning found us up early, making preparations for embarkation. Our finances being limited, we were compelled to take "steerage" passage. This meant that we were to provide plate, knife and fork, and cup; also a blanket under which to sleep. These, with many other things to add to my comfort, were safely packed away in my carpetbag. On reaching the floating dock we found the tugs ready to take the passengers and baggage to the great ocean

steamer, two miles from shore. Everybody seemed in a hurry. The first tug was soon filled with trunks, carpetbags, men, women, and children. Another tug, and still another, rapidly followed. This was kept up for hours, until I began to wonder how many were going on the steamer, and whether there would be room for the piles of baggage and hundreds of passengers.

Martin and I were standing in line, waiting our turn to board. I shall never forget that short ride on the tug; such a motley crowd I had never before seen or heard. There were Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Germans, Norwegians, Italians, Swedes, Finlanders—in fact, there were representatives from nearly every civilized nation on the globe, and all were trying to talk at the same time, and each in his own language. For me it was a most interesting sight, since I had not seen much of the world or its people. I had never been out of the county in which I was born, except once, when I was a small boy, my father took me to Plymouth, just across the county line, to see the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, of England.

I had already realized that I was alone in the world, and it was while on the tug that

it occurred to me that I must look out for my own battles. I began to do this immediately, by pushing myself through the crowd until a little space was found large enough for our carpetbags; for Martin was at my side, or heels, as we fought our way. The carpetbag made a good seat on the tug, and later a good pillow on the steamer.

In due time we reached the side of the great Atlantic steamer—the *Celtic*, of the White Star Line. A feeling of awe came over me as I was climbing up the side of the huge vessel. I had often seen the fishing-smacks and coal barges as they came into the little seaports near my home; but they seemed toys when compared with the *Celtic*, which looked like a moving village. On board the steamer we found the confusion ten times worse than on the tug. A mixed multitude of fifteen hundred people crowded the decks or were in the berths below.

As soon as the passengers and baggage were on board the steamer the last tug quietly slipped away, which seemed to me like the parting of the only link that bound us to the shores of old England. Precisely at noon the steamer's whistle roared forth, like some wild beast of the forest, the echo dying away among

the tall cliffs along the shore; the anchors were raised; the engines began to groan and thump; and the long and perilous journey across the Atlantic Ocean had begun.

“Mother, I leave thy dwelling,
Thy counsel and thy care;
With grief my heart is swelling
No more in them to share;
Nor hear that sweet voice speaking
When hours of joy run high,
Nor meet that mild eye seeking
When sorrow's touch comes nigh.

Mother, I leave thy dwelling;
O! shall it be forever?
With grief my heart is swelling,
From thee—from thee—to sever.
These arms that now enfold me
So closely to thy heart,
These eyes that now behold me,
From all—from all—I part.”

CHAPTER V

ON THE OCEAN

“Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity!

Sun, moon, and stars shine o’er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning’s splendors steep thee
With the rainbow’s glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
’Tis but for a moment’s space.

Earth—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man’s behests obey;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?”

THE last sound of “good-bye, and good luck,” from the men on the tug had died away, the waving handkerchiefs had faded

into the mists, and finally the tug itself was lost in the distance; the tall spires of Liverpool looked like thin streaks in the noonday sky. I stood for awhile looking over the side of the steamer, watching the tall cliffs and the shores of my native land fade before my eyes. My mind wandered back to the old home and the dear ones left behind. Should I ever see them again? I finally awoke from my reverie, and, with Martin, began to acquaint myself with the steamer which was to be our home for the next ten days.

The first thing was to locate our berths. These we found in the steerage and in the upper range, there being one range below ours. Crawling into these upper berths reminds one of chickens going to roost, since it takes a climb or scramble to reach the place. We soon discovered, however, that in some respects the upper berth is more desirable than the lower. While the lower berth is easier to get into, it catches the dust or refuse, or other articles, from the upper. Sometimes this seemingly trifling difference amounts to a great deal, especially when the one below can not tell at what moment the one above, because of that peculiar sensation known as

seasickness, may cast his bread upon the waters, or upon the one below him.

I can not say that I was pleased with the steerage accommodations, and should I ever again cross the ocean I would make any reasonable sacrifice to secure better. The same confusion of many tongues was here manifested, only, if possible, to a far greater degree, since the space was none too large for the great number who, like Martin and myself, could not afford first or second class passage. There was also a disagreeable odor, peculiar to the steerage, arising from the disinfectants and the breathing of hundreds of men, some of them too filthy to be among human beings. After locating our berths we rushed up on deck, declaring that we could never endure the steerage accommodations for ten days. But we did! there being no alternative, we submitted to the inevitable. However, we spent as little time as possible below, thus escaping part of the steerage life; to escape it all was impossible, and for several days after we left the steamer the peculiar odor remained with us. Even to-day, after nearly twenty years, I recall it with disgust.

Another surprise awaited us, from a source

which up to this time had given us no anxiety—that of a food supply. It being about noon when the *Celtic* commenced her long journey, there was too much confusion to think about regular dinner, and those who had brought a lunch with them were fortunate to find a place in which to eat it in peace and comfort; hence supper was the first regular meal served. In the steerage the men were lined up, each waiting his turn to be served. The stewards came down the line, each with a different dish, and in quick succession deposited a portion of the contents on the plates as they passed. Our turn soon came. Thump, thump! The steward hardly looked at our plates, stopping but for an instant in his onward march. Our plates were filled with a conglomeration, the ingredients of which were beyond my power to ascertain, either by sight, touch, taste, or smell. I looked at Martin, and saw that he was likewise making an investigation; and finally he shook his head, as if to say, "Too much for me!" After receiving some bread and coffee, we took our allowance, went up on deck emptied our plates (*in the ocean*), and sat down to our first meal, consisting of bread and coffee. We comforted ourselves with the hope that in the morning a more

tempting and palatable bill of fare would be presented. But in this we were doomed to disappointment; for when morning came it was no better.

By this time I was getting hungry for something good and toothsome, at the same time longing for a meal of mother's plain cooking. The second day I saw the stewards carrying the steaming joints of roast beef and other substantial articles of food to the more favored ones in the first and second cabins. It was intimated to us that for a small amount of money they would serve an extra course of diet. I had already made a passing acquaintance with one of them, and, at the first opportunity, presented to him the subject. I would not record the result of this interview if I thought that it would betray the steward who befriended us in that hour of dire extremity; but since it happened so long ago that even the old *Celtic* has gone out of business and been replaced by a new one, I think no injustice will be done in recording it. Neither did the question of right or wrong at the time occur to me, although the caution taken later by the steward in serving us meals made it plainly visible that he was violating the rules of his company. The

agreement entered into with the steward was that three good meals a day would be served until the end of the voyage, provided five men could be found who would give the sum of ten shillings each—about two dollars and fifty cents, United States money. I could hardly afford the ten shillings; but I reasoned that it would be better to land in a strange country with little or no money than with poor health—which I was sure would be the case if confined to steerage diet. The group of five was easily formed, and from this time to the end of the voyage no more trouble was experienced with the food. The steward selected a secluded place on the first deck, where regularly, three times a day, he brought us food fit for a king.

For the first three days the weather was everything that could be desired. The sailors went about their work whistling, and everybody seemed cheerful and contented. But such a state of affairs was not to exist long, as we discovered about the third night. Everybody had turned in for the night, except those whose duty compelled them to be on the watch. In the steerage many were already asleep, and some were snoring loud enough to be heard the length of the quarters. True, the steam-

ship was not running as smoothly as for the past three days ; but none of the inexperienced ones were expecting anything out of the ordinary. We were not aware of the fact that up on deck the sailors had been busy for some time preparing for rough weather, which they knew was inevitable. Suddenly the steamer careened, as if struck by a cyclone, and then plunged headlong, as though going straight to "Davy Jones's locker." All on board were awakened as if by magic. Many sat upright in their bunks, only to be hurled back the next instant, as the steamer took another plunge in a different direction. It was evident that we had encountered a storm, the proportions of which the future alone could determine. We hoped it was only a "squall," and that it would pass away as suddenly as it came ; but the hope was vain. As the night wore on the storm increased in fury. Sleep was impossible ; and those who had not been thrown out of their bunks were striving to follow the motions of the steamer to prevent it. It was Dickens's experience lived over : "Before it is possible to make any arrangement at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say, 'Thank heaven !' she wrongs again. Before one can

cry, 'She is wrong!' she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actually running of its own accord, with broken knees and falling legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a somersault. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on, staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking, and going through these movements, sometimes by turns and sometimes altogether, until one feels disposed to roar for mercy. A steward passes.

" 'Steward!'

" 'Sir?'

" 'What *is* the matter? What *do* you call this?'

" 'Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head wind.'

" 'A head wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Samsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine

the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swollen and bursting under this maltreatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating—all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet; the loud, hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault,—and there is the headwind. I say nothing of what may be called the domestic noises of the ship—such as the breaking of glass and crockery, the tumbling down of stewards, the gambols overhead of loose casks and truant dozens of bottled porter, and the very remarkable and far from exhilarating sounds raised in their various staterooms by the seventy passengers who were too ill to get up to breakfast. The laboring of the ship in the troubled sea on this night I shall never forget. ‘Will it ever be worse than this?’ was a question I had often heard asked, when everything was slid-

ing and bumping about, and when it certainly did seem difficult to comprehend the possibility of anything afloat being more disturbed without toppling over and going down. But what the agitation of a steam vessel is, on a bad winter's night in the wild Atlantic, is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea; that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery; that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the least degree, is nothing. Words can not express it. Thoughts can not convey it. Only a dream can call it up again, in all its fury, rage, and passion.

“Of the outrageous antics performed by that ship next morning—which made bed a practical joke, and getting up, by any process short of falling out, an impossibility—I say nothing. But anything like the utter dreariness and desolation that met my eyes when I literally ‘tumbled up’ on deck at noon I never saw. Ocean and sky were all of one dull, heavy, uniform lead color. There was no extent of prospect even over the dreary waste that lay around us, for the sea ran high, and the horizon encompassed us like a large black hoop. Viewed from the air, or some tall cliff on shore, it would have been imposing and stupendous, no doubt; but seen from the wet and rolling deck, it only impressed one giddily and painfully. In the gale of last night the lifeboat had been crushed by one blow of the sea like a walnut-shell; and there it hung dangling in the air, a mere fagot of crazy boards. The planking of the paddle-boxes had been torn sheer away. The wheels were exposed and bare, and they whirled and dashed their spray about the decks at random. Chimney, white with crusted salt; topmasts struck; stormsails set; rigging all knotted, tangled, wet, and drooping—a gloomier picture it would be hard to look upon!”

This brief sketch, vivid and overdrawn as it may seem to the inexperienced, after all gives an imperfect description of a storm at sea. The misery, suffering, and anxiety experienced by the passengers of the *Celtic* for three days and nights are beyond the powers of description of mortal man. The scene on deck, after the storm had abated, reminded me of pictures I had seen of battlefields after a long and bloody contest. The deck was strewn with wreckage, shivered into bits by the storm; scores of the seasick ones were lying around like wounded soldiers, some of them being so ill and miserable that they prayed for the ship to go down. I had been accustomed to say "Amen" when people prayed, but this time I did not respond; and for once in my life was thankful that the Lord did not answer every prayer. I was very fortunate myself, having been sick but a short time, not to exceed half a day during the whole voyage; hence, I was able to wait on the less fortunate—Martin, especially, who was sick nearly the entire voyage, sometimes being under the doctor's care.

We experienced no more rough weather, to the delight of all, and in a short time things had settled down to normal conditions. The

days slipped away one by one, with nothing of interest to break the monotony, save that now and then a steamer would pass, homeward bound. One was so close that we could plainly discern the passengers on the decks. These steamers were always hailed with delight, and watched until they disappeared from view. Once a shark was sighted, following the steamer, watching for any palatable substance which might be cast overboard. The presence of this monster was anything but pleasant, especially to those who were sick; and more especially when the sick ones remembered that to the shark a human body is a great delicacy. I am frank to confess that, well and healthy as I was, I felt not a little nervous at the possibility of such a fate for myself.

Early on the morning of the 30th of September, and on the tenth day out from Liverpool, the cry of "Land ahead! land ahead!" came from the man on the lookout. The cry was instantly taken up by others, until in a few moments it had penetrated every part of the steamer. There was a hurried and general rush for the deck. Having secured a place close to the rail, I strained my eyes for the coveted sight. Yes! there it was—a long, gray

streak in the distant west. It seemed to lie across our path, and looked like a bank of gray clouds; but it was land. I felt like shouting for joy! We were in sight of the land of America, of which I had been so long dreaming!

But here again I fell into a reverie. Leaning against the rail, with my face toward the west, separate now by only a short span, I wondered what was before me in the country already in view. I was about to enter a strange country, almost penniless and homeless. *Homeless!* The word caused me to shudder. I had often known what it meant to be penniless, but was never before homeless! The steamer was now my home; but in a few hours I should be turned adrift even from that, in a new world and among strangers! The prospect ahead seemed too gloomy for one so inexperienced. My heart sank within me! Despair would certainly have taken possession of me had I not just then remembered the promise of God, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" and, lifting my eyes to heaven, I implored the Father of the homeless for Divine guidance and protection. I was called back from my meditations by the pealing of bells stealing softly

over the water, and, looking, saw the lofty spires of the churches in the city of New York. The bells were calling the people to Divine worship, for it was Sunday morning. They sounded like a beautiful greeting of welcome to the weather-beaten and storm-tossed steamer, and to us who were about to seek the hospitality of the New World, at the same time filling our hearts with courage and confidence. At twelve o'clock noon the *Celtic* was fastened to the docks in New York harbor, after a voyage of ten days to the hour. At one o'clock the passengers were permitted to go ashore. Martin and I found ourselves among a sea of strange faces and in a foreign land.

CHAPTER VI

IN A STRANGE LAND

Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—JOSH. I, 9.

AFTER leaving the steamer we were detained for an hour in the custom-house. The customs officers demanded the opening of every trunk and carpetbag. Some were examined in a very short time; others, with contents of a more suspicious character, were turned inside out, much to the disgust of the owners. Martin and I stood in line waiting for the inspection. The officer came, looked into the open mouths of our carpetbags, satisfied himself that they contained no taxable goods, placed a big chalk mark on them, and our baggage was passed.

We were now at liberty to go wherever we pleased. But where should we go? Naturally, we followed the crowd, going in the direction of the great gate of Castle Garden, leading

to the city. Imagine our surprise, when we reached the gate, to hear a man calling out our names. Who could it be? We first looked at each other, then at the man. It was evident that he did not know us, for we were close by his side, looking into his face; yet he continued to call our names. We had heard of "sharpers," and were prepared to meet them. I noticed he was calling the names of the five persons who comprised our "mess" on board the steamer; but how did he get them? was the puzzling question. There was but one thing to do—to make ourselves known. By this time the five had responded to his call, and were standing by his side.

"Follow me, gentlemen," he said in a very kind and assuring tone.

Not willing to be led away by a stranger, like a sheep to the slaughter, I said, "Will you please have the kindness to tell us who you are, and where you intend taking us?"

He very politely introduced himself as Mr. Roberts, representing one of the best hotels in the city. In answer to the question, "How did you get our names?" he informed us that the steward who had been our friend for the past ten days had come ashore as soon as the steamer touched the docks and supplied

him with the list. We were still hesitating, when our old friend, the steward, came along, assured us that Mr. Roberts was all right, and that he would look after our interests honestly so long as we remained in the city of New York. Satisfied with this assurance, we were soon comfortably situated in the Roberts Hotel, which we discovered was a favorite hotel among the miners, especially Englishmen, since Mr. Roberts was himself an Englishman. He treated us kindly, and gave us much valuable information and advice.

Up to the time of landing, Martin and I intended going to the copper mines of Michigan; but on reaching New York we learned that several men had recently returned from there, having failed to get employment. This was discouraging, for there were men in the copper regions from our own home, and from whom we hoped to receive help in getting work. Colorado was my next choice; but as this was much farther, I began to count my money. After exchanging it for United States money, which was done at the hotel, I had fifty dollars. The fare from New York to Denver was forty-eight dollars, which would leave a balance of only two dollars. Martin was more fortunate, having about ten dollars

after the fare to Denver had been deducted. We consulted Mr. Roberts, who told us that from what he had heard from men coming from Colorado, our chances there would be better than at any other place within our reach. Acting upon this advice, we decided to go, and forthwith purchased tickets for Denver. Feeling somewhat relieved now this question was settled, and having the whole day before us, as our train did not leave until eight o'clock in the evening, we started out to see a few of the sights of New York City. True, we could not see much of such a large city in a few hours. I suggested, however, that we cross the Brooklyn Bridge, and accordingly we started in the direction of the bridge. Martin and I were alone by this time, the other young men who were with us on the steamer having already started for their destinations. We made our way through the crowded streets, and in due time we were standing at the entrance. We were charged one cent each to walk over; but for that one cent we were allowed to gaze upon and walk over a wonderful structure measuring five thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine feet in length, and eighty-five feet from side to side. The two massive towers are two hundred and seventy-

four feet in height. The center way, for pedestrians, fifteen feet wide; each of the two railway lines sixteen feet in width; and each of the two ways for wagons and other vehicles nineteen feet. The whole structure weighs thirty-four thousand tons, having required thirteen years in construction, at a cost of fifteen million dollars and twenty human lives. It is not surprising that we came away with the impression that we had seen one of the greatest things in the world.

The remainder of the day was spent in taking hurried views of the magnificent buildings and parks that were within easy reach. The last hour was spent in preparing for the long journey that was before us. We purchased a liberal supply of bread, corned beef, and cheese, and with these, and plenty of drinking water on the cars, we were well supplied, for a time at least.

After we had started on our trip to the Rocky Mountains, the first thing that attracted my attention was the convenience of the railway coaches. The construction was altogether different from the cars in England, where the traveler is securely boxed up and locked up in a small compartment with barely room to turn if all the seats are taken; the door of the com-

partment being opened only at each regular stop of the train, and then only long enough to let passengers in or out. In America, I discovered, the seats were arranged on either side of the car for the whole length, each seat large enough for two, with an aisle running through the center of the car, a door at each end leading to the outside platform, which was never locked, leaving the passengers at perfect liberty to walk from one car to another, together with other conveniences, such as toilet-room, dining-cars, and sleeping-cars for those who are so favorably situated as to pay the extra amount charged for such accommodations. It is needless to say that we were well pleased with our quarters, and felt much happier and more contented than in the steerage on board the *Celtic*.

On, on we rushed over plains and across mountains. I was appalled at the vastness of the country, although as yet I had seen but little of it. In my own country no train could run half so long in one direction without running into the sea, and we were as yet only skirting the borders of America's vast domain. Wednesday morning found us in Chicago, with just time enough to go from one depot to another. The transfer 'bus was waiting to take

us across to the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Depot. I shall always have occasion to remember that transfer ride; for when we were on the train, and the transfer 'bus had gone and was lost in the whirl of Chicago, I remembered that my best and only hat was left in the 'bus, and I had only a small traveling cap. It was useless to grieve over the lost hat, and I only hoped that it would fall into the hands of some one who needed it worse than myself, if such a one could be found. One thing was certain, however, I could not purchase a new one with the amount of cash on hand, which by this time had been reduced to one dollar, and two days at least between us and Denver. There was no time for sight-seeing in Chicago. I have only a dim recollection of crowded streets, tall buildings, and a network of railways, which looked to me worse than a puzzle-map, over which our train went gliding along. Once free from this network of railways, and out in the open country, with Chicago fading away in the distance, our train plunged ahead, and we were bounding away over the plains.

"Twenty minutes for dinner!" yelled the brakeman as the train pulled into a large city; and, looking out of the window, I saw men and

women rushing toward the dining-room. Dinner! I thought, at the same time feeling a peculiar sensation in the region of the stomach. I had not partaken of a prepared meal since leaving New York. Martin fared no better, save once or twice he indulged in a cup of steaming-hot coffee, a luxury I did not enjoy from the time we left New York until we reached our destination in the Rocky Mountains, five days later. Instead of going to the dining-room, we stepped to the nearest grocery and bought a new supply of bread and corned beef, which lasted until the end of the journey.

Early on the morning of the 5th of October found us standing on the platform of the Union Depot in Denver, Col. We learned that the nearest mining camp was Central City, about forty miles up the mountains. It was at this time that Martin's surplus cash came into good use. My two dollars by this time had dwindled to five cents, which I had determined at all hazards to save until the end of my journey to purchase a postage stamp to send the news of my safe arrival to my parents and friends at home. The next train bore us away to the regions of the gold mines.

We entered the Rocky Mountains at Golden, through what is known as Clear Creek Cañon,

a description of which will be given in another chapter. Leaving Clear Creek at Forks Creek, the train follows the branch to the right, known as "Gregory Gulch," which leads to Black Hawk and Central City. Black Hawk, about eleven miles from Forks Creek, is where we had the first glimpse of the gold mines. The sides of the mountains are honeycombed with prospect holes, made by the miners in search of the gold-bearing rock. Numerous stamp-mills are also located here, it being a place where streams of water meet, without which the mills could not operate. Central City is one mile farther up the gulch, four miles by rail. The difference in the distance is made by the railway winding around the mountains and in switching back and forth in order to climb the grade.

We reached Central City at noon. This time we were at the end of our journey—at least the end of our railway journey—as our means for this mode of traveling were entirely exhausted. We lost no time in looking for some of our own countrymen, and, to our glad surprise, found several, some of whom were from the same town as ourselves. We were greatly indebted to Mr. James Rowett, an old friend of my father, who took an unusual interest

in us, securing for us boarding in a private family, and, later on, assisting us in getting employment. The cost of board was twenty-three dollars a month, which amount, fortunately for us, was not required in advance.

The sudden transition from the level of the sea to an altitude of eight thousand four hundred feet was not without its effect. We were almost prostrated by the least exertion. This was followed by frequent hemorrhages of the head—discharging at the nose. In a few days, however, this passed away, and we were as well as ever. After a few days' rest we were ready for work, which, through the help of friends, we secured in the "Gregory Mine," at two dollars and twenty-five cents a day. Thus in twenty days we had traveled over five thousand miles by sea and land, rested one day and a half in New York, four days in Central City, and were now working in the gold mines of Colorado.

7

CHAPTER VII

IN THE GOLD MINES OF COLORADO

The eastern sky is blushing red,
The distant hill-top glowing;
The brook is murmuring in its bed,
In idle frolics flowing;
'T is time the pickax and the spade,
And iron "tom" were ringing,
And with ourselves, the mountain stream,
A song of labor singing.

The mountain air is cool and fresh,
Unclouded skies bend o'er us,
Broad places, rich in gold,
Lie temptingly before us,
We ask no magic Midas' wand,
Nor wizard-rod divining,
The pickax, spade, and brawny hand
Are sorcerers in mining.

—J. SWIFT.

AS STATED in the previous chapter, our first place of employment was in the Gregory Mine. Martin and I were placed together to work on a rich deposit of ore. The ore contained a large per cent of copper, which, to the "green-horn," as the newcomers were called, looked

like gold. We were as easily deceived as hundreds of others before us had been, thinking several times that we saw large pieces of pure gold; but we soon found out the truth of the old adage, "Not all that glitters is gold." While the ore was very rich in gold in the refractory rock, it yielded the precious metal only through the smelting process. After a few weeks in the Gregory Mine, we were transferred to the Fisk Mine, under the same manager, and given a contract to sink a *winze*—an intermediate shaft connecting two levels in the mine. There were four of us in the group, two working by day, and two by night. Should I live a hundred years I shall never forget this place, since it was here an accident happened that almost ended Martin's earthly career. Like nearly all accidents in mining, it occurred in a very unexpected manner. We had not proceeded far with the *winze* when gas was encountered, a deadly poison coming out of the cracks in the vein, which were numerous at this place. The gas was driven out by pumping in large quantities of fresh air at intervals. One night I was stationed at the windlass, hoisting the dirt from the bottom of the *winze*, which at this time was twenty-five feet deep. Martin was at the bottom filling

the bucket. Suddenly one of the heavy boards fell out of the platform beneath my feet. Quick action on my part saved me from falling to the bottom of the winze. There was no time to give warning to Martin. The heavy board, measuring eight feet in length, reached the bottom with a dull thud, instantly followed by a groan from the lips of Martin. I knew he had received a terrific blow and was badly hurt.

"Martin! Martin!" I called. "Get into the bucket, and I will hoist you to the level."

Imagine my horror when I saw his body fall limp, and apparently lifeless, to the bottom of the winze. To add to the dreadful situation, the candle was beginning to burn low, a sure sign that the gas was coming in. There was not a moment to lose. The accumulating gas alone would render him unconscious, and, if he were not quickly removed, result in his certain death. There was no help nearer than the next level, which meant to go three hundred feet back to the main shaft, one hundred feet down, and then back into the other workings. To accomplish all this, and get back in time to get him out alive, was impossible. To make matters still worse, there was no ladder in the winze. In a great deal less time than it takes to record it I securely blocked

the windlass, pumped in a fresh supply of air, grasped the rope with hands and feet, and the next instant was at the bottom beside the prostrate and almost lifeless form. The blood was streaming from an ugly gash on his head where the board had struck him. The smell of the deadly gas could be easily detected. Lifting Martin to a standing posture, at the same time shaking him into a state of semi-consciousness, I tried to inform him of his danger. He seemed to understand. Then, resorting to the only possible means of escape, I placed his feet in the bucket and fastened his hands around the rope, at the same time trying to impress upon his mind that his life depended upon his holding on to the rope. He tried to assure me that he understood the situation, but his speech was broken and rambling. Leaving him to his fate, or his salvation, which a few moments would determine, I hurriedly began to climb the rope. In a few seconds I was standing on the platform ready to hoist. After informing Martin that I was ready, and telling him to hold on for life, I slowly began to turn the windlass. Would he be saved; or would he once more become unconscious, and fall to certain death? The thought of such a horrible death befalling my

friend and comrade made me desperate. I could tell by the weight that he was still in the bucket. The gas had already extinguished the candle at the bottom, and was slowly creeping up the winze. Will he hold on? A groan escaped his lips, which made me believe his strength was exhausting and that he was about to fall. Faster and faster I turned, the perspiration dripping from my face. One more turn! "Thank heaven!" said I, "he is safe!"

The fresh air and a little cold water soon restored him to full consciousness, and surgical aid was procured. The wound proved to be in the scalp, four inches in length, no injury having been done to the skull or brain save the tremendous shock. Several stitches, however, were required to replace the scalp. After a few weeks' rest and proper treatment, Martin was none the worse for having passed through the thrilling experience.

We soon discovered, however, that the poisonous gas is the miner's deadliest enemy, and, after the narrow escape in the Fisk Mine, tried to avoid it, sometimes refusing remunerative positions rather than expose ourselves to its deadly effects. A short time before our arrival in Central City three men—father and two sons—were overcome and suffocated by

gas. The father had descended an old shaft, and, failing to return at the proper time, one of his sons went down to ascertain the cause of delay. He likewise failed to return. Great anxiety was manifested by those on the surface when it became known that there was gas in the shaft. The second son determined to go down, and, if possible, rescue his father and brother. He was warned by those who were more experienced not to make the attempt, since it was certain that the two unfortunate men had been overcome by the gas and were already beyond all human aid; but, in spite of warnings, the young man disappeared down the fatal shaft, alas! never to return alive. An air-pump was procured from a neighboring mine, and was soon driving the gas to the surface. As soon as it was safe to descend, the three lifeless forms were brought to the surface, and three new graves were made in the little cemetery under the shadow of the great mountain.

Another serious accident of this nature happened during our stay in this place. Two men were descending an abandoned mine. They had not gone far, not far enough even to "strike a light," as it is the custom to descend one or more ladders before procuring a light,

when Thomas Bailey, who had taken the lead, and who was an experienced miner, detected the peculiar odor of gas. Quickly he called to his companion to retreat; but it was too late for Mr. Bailey. The gas instantly robbed him of his senses and strength. There was a deep groan, followed by a rushing noise, such as is made by the falling of a heavy weight through space. The unfortunate man had fallen into the yawning shaft and to his death.

Samuel Lee, of Andrews, Ind., a cousin to the woman who later became my wife, met his death in a similar manner. He, with several others, were driven from their place of labor in the Durant Mine, at Aspen, Col., by gas. He was the last one hurrying out of the death-trap, and was almost safe, only a few feet from the top of the ladder, when, in the same peculiar manner, he was rendered helpless, and fell back into the pit of death, his neck being broken by the fall. His remains were shipped to Andrews, Ind., the home of his childhood, and laid to rest in the village graveyard.

The numerous accidents and deaths caused by the poisonous gas have put the miners on their guard. Before descending an abandoned mine or entering any portion of the mine where gas is known to exist, the miner makes the in-

fallible test of lowering a burning candle. Where gas exists the candle will invariably cease to burn, and no man who values his life will enter a place where a light is extinguished.

It soon came my turn to pass through an experience which brought me face to face with death. We were engaged in removing some ore from a chute. The ore above our heads was securely held in place by large timbers, known as the "stull." After several carloads had been taken out, the ore failed to come into the chute. It was my duty to go up and find out the cause, and, if possible, remove it. Climbing up the end of the stull, I discovered that the place must be approached with great caution. Hundreds of feet above a man was engaged in throwing down heavy loads of ore into this very chute. Several minutes elapsed between each downpour of rocks. I waited until a shower of rocks had come thundering down, and everything was still, then rushed in to look at the chute. To my horror, I discovered that the ore had run out from below, and had formed a temporary arch beneath my feet. Of course, my first thought was to beat a hasty retreat; but before I had time to put my thoughts into practice there was a rumbling and grinding beneath

my feet, and the next instant I was mixed up with the falling rocks, and on my way down the chute. Bruised and bleeding, I reached the bottom. Fortunately, I was not rendered unconscious. Instantly my mind ascended hundreds of feet, and I imagined I saw a man ready to throw in a load of rocks which would crush me beneath their ponderous weight. But there was no time for reflection. Procuring a light—for the fall had extinguished my candle, leaving me in total darkness—I hastened to remove from around my legs the huge rocks which securely held me fast. It was a desperate and unequal struggle, some of the rocks being too heavy to lift; but, with a strength which seemed to have been superhuman, I rolled them aside, and, once free, made a dash for life and a place of safety, reaching it just in time to evade the rocks as they came crashing down in the very spot where a few moments before I was held a prisoner. Fortunately, my injuries did not prove serious, and after two weeks of rest and care, I was apparently as well as ever. I can scarcely think of the thrilling experience without a shudder, and often wonder if it, with others of a like nature, are not responsible for the sapping of

the nervous forces and the early appearance of gray hairs.

About this time a great trial, and, I may add, a deep sorrow, came to me in the parting with Martin. He became tired of mining in the Rockies, and, having friends in the State of Michigan, at their request decided to join them. We had been separated scarcely for an hour since we left England, and had become greatly attached to each other. It was with a heavy heart that I bade him good-bye. A few letters passed between us, then all trace of Martin was lost, and, although nearly twenty years have passed, to this day we never again met.

Like others who have gone to the gold fields, I caught the "gold fever," and wanted to get rich in a hurry. This could not be accomplished by working at day's wages, but by prospecting and striking a rich claim. Prospecting is the first step in mining. The prospector presents a very striking appearance as he starts out on his search for gold. In the early days, the first thing necessary was a stout burro, a mountain donkey, to carry the miner's outfit, which consisted of cooking utensils, provisions, and all the tools needed for the expedition. In some regions, where the

miner entered the domain of the bear and mountain lions, a good rifle is necessary. Sometimes days and weeks are spent in passing through long gulches, deep cañons, and in climbing steep mountains, until some day the prospector cries out: "Eureka! Eureka!" "I have found it! I have found it!" His experienced eye has found a piece of rock, known in the mining world as "float," or he has discovered a "cropping," which means the top of the vein cropping out at the surface. If the find is the cropping, of course the vein is already discovered; but if the specimen is a piece of float, the vein must be looked for farther up the mountain-side. Several pieces of float are pulverized in a mortar, washed in a pan, and the value thus ascertained. If the washing shows only a few specks of gold it is sufficient to prove to the prospector that he is in the mineral belt, and a search is at once begun for the vein. Stones do not roll uphill, and the presence of the float indicates that farther up the mountain-side is the vein which, in some remote period of the past, at the bidding of Dame Nature, cast forth a little of her store as a guide for man to vast treasures hidden in the dark recesses of the earth. Hence, the vein is discovered by following up

the float, the miner carefully examining the nature of the loose stones as he slowly progresses up the mountain-side. Finally he reaches a place where no more float can be found, and this is sufficient proof that he has passed the vein. He retraces his steps to where he discovered the last piece of float, and cuts into the side of the mountain with pick and shovel until the vein is "tapped." If the vein proves to be a valuable one, the claim is located and recorded according to law. The first ore taken out is known as surface quartz. This quartz varies in depth, sometimes going down one hundred feet or more. The gold miner in early days secured his wealth from this surface quartz, the gold being easily separated from the rock by washing or the stamp-mill. When the surface quartz no longer yielded gold in paying quantities, the claim was abandoned and new fields were sought. Below the surface quartz is found the "refractory rock," or smelting ore, as it is commonly called. By early prospectors this was regarded as worthless, because no process for separating the gold from the rock had been found, or, if known, was not yet in use in the Rocky Mountains. To-day, by the aid of the chemist and the smelter, this once worthless

refractory rock is yielding millions of dollars every month.

My own experience in prospecting was anything but encouraging. I spent about six weeks, with two others, in search of the illusive metal, but failed to strike it rich. If the hardships and deprivations encountered during those six weeks might be recorded, I could easily fill a small volume. When our resources were exhausted, we returned to the regular routine of daily work in the gold mines. I made other attempts later, but each, like the first, proved futile.

Before leaving this chapter, I will give a few startling figures concerning the vast mineral wealth of our country, especially in the Western portions. But few, comparatively speaking, have a correct idea of the mineral wealth of this Nation. We learn from a reliable source that, "from 1849 to 1889, forty years, the United States produced, in precious metals, \$2,730,077,152."* The gold production of the United States for 1898 was \$64,463,000, the largest part of this vast amount coming from west of the Mississippi River, Colorado alone giving between twenty and thirty millions. While considering this enor-

* "Our Country," by Josiah Strong.

mous wealth coming from the West, and which is wonderfully increasing every year, it is difficult to believe that the following words were uttered by Daniel Webster before the American Senate. Said he: "What do you want with this vast worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts and cactus, of shifting sands and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put the great deserts of these great mountains, impenetrable and covered with eternal snows? What can we ever hope to do with the Western Coast, rockbound, cheerless, and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is." To-day we say, What a great mistake! Little did the great statesman think that in a few years from the time he made the memorable speech the "worthless area" would be pouring millions into the Nation's treasury. For instance, to quote again from "Our Country," "the Comstock Lode in 1877 produced \$37,062,252. Those twelve insignificant looking holes in the side of the mountain yielded more wealth that year than 3,890,000 acres planted to corn the same year. That is, those few square rods on the surface in Nevada were as large as all the cornfields

of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, collectively."

To those who would like to know from whence the gold comes, and the amount produced by each country, the following report from the director of the United States Mint will be of interest, and may be taken as reliable. The report is for the year 1898:

COUNTRIES.	VALUE.
North America:	
United States, ...	\$64,463,000
Mexico, ...	8,500,000
Canada and Newfoundland, .	13,838,700
Africa, ...	80,428,000
Australasia, ...	64,860,800
Europe:	
Russia, ...	25,463,400
Austria-Hungary, ...	1,859,500
Germany, ...	73,600
Norway, ...	. . .
Sweden, ...	83,600
Italy, ...	165,900
Spain, ...	37,900
Portugal, ...	10,400
Greece, ...	. . .
Turkey, ...	7,300
Servia, ...	13,300
France, ...	. . .
Great Britain, ...	6,600

Gold Mines of Colorado

113

South America:

Argentina, ...	\$137,700
Bolivia, ...	343,500
Chili, ...	340,700
Colombia, ...	2,263,200
Ecuador	39,500
Brazil, ...	1,583,700
Venezuela, ...	1,057,400
Guiana (British), ...	2,048,700
Guiana (French), ...	1,644,400
Guiana (Dutch), ...	569,100
Peru, ...	628,000
Uruguay, ...	38,500

Central America, ... 473,700

Asia:

Japan, ...	790,800
China, ...	6,078,700
Korea, ...	1,020,200
India (British), ...	7,781,500
East Indies (British), ...	660,900
East Indies (Dutch), ...	116,400

Total, ... \$287,428,600

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Long years ago I wandered here,
In the midsummer of the year,—
 Life's summer too;
A score of horsemen here we rode,
The mountain world its glories showed,
 All fair to view.

These scenes in glowing colors drest,
Mirrored the life within my breast,
 Its world of hopes;
The whispering woods and fragrant breeze
That stirred the grass in verdant seas
 On billowy slopes.

And glistening crag in sunlit sky,
Mid snowy clouds piled mountains high,
 Were joys to me;
My path was o'er the prairie wild,
Or here on grander mountain side,
 To choose, all free.

—J. C. FREMONT.

I REALIZE how difficult is the task to portray the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains, since no pen can describe a thousandth part of this majestic glory as it appears to

the eye of the observer. I shall never forget when for the first time I stood in the midst of the awful gradeur. Standing where I could scan the peaks for miles around piercing the blue of heaven, a feeling of awe and reverence crept over me. I seemed but a mere atom amidst the creation of the Eternal God. Baring my head, I gave utterance to the language of the poet:

“Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.”

It was morning when we entered the State of Colorado. The first sight of the Rocky Mountains was inspiring. Old Pike's Peak loomed up in the distance at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, like a grim old sentinel on guard. Our first entrance into the Rockies was through Clear Creek Cañon, eighteen miles from Denver. The cañon has the appearance of a huge gash cleft in the mountains, at the bottom of which is laid the tiny rail, as it appears to be in comparison with the greatness around it, and for nearly sixty miles follows its winding path. This cañon is said to be one of the most picturesque in America. Nature is here seen in her most rugged and

beautiful form. The slippery walls are within easy reach at times as we pass by. The overhanging rocks seem to frown on us as we intrude into their almost sacred domain. At Forks Creek, twenty-seven miles from Denver, a branch of the cañon turns to the right, and leads to Black Hawk, Central City, and James Peak. My first trip was through the branch to Central City; but later it was my pleasure to follow, with an excursion party, the main cañon from Forks Creek to the base of Gray's Peak. Leaving the Forks, we plunged deeper into the weird crevasses. Sometimes the sun would add glory to the scene; then suddenly the shadows of evening seemed to fall as the towering peaks shut out the rays of light. As we emerged from the gloomy cañon out on a beautiful plateau of nearly one hundred acres the scene suddenly changed. Nature could not have made a better place for the abode of man; neither were her children blind to the numerous advantages presented, and to-day the neat little city of Idaho Springs is situated at this lovely place, surrounded by some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. Numerous mineral springs abound, and many invalids have found great benefit from the healing waters, while veins of gold and silver are inter-

woven through the mountains that slope back in every direction from the city. The altitude at Denver is 5,203 feet; at Idaho Springs it is 7,543, a rise of 2,340 feet in thirty-eight miles. The grade at some points is 217 feet to the mile.

The next town is Georgetown, fourteen miles farther up the cañon. As we advanced the scenery grew in magnificence. The rails looked like silvery threads running zigzag up the cañon, the train, like a thing of life, trying to follow the winding track, which sometimes looped back as it rounded a sharp curve, at the same time giving the people in the first coach back of the engine a full view of the engineer and fireman in the cab; then away it would dash to the other side of the cañon; the next instant it would be creeping along a narrow shelf, far above the dancing stream, and leaning toward the rocky walls, which rise hundreds of feet in sheer perpendicular. And so on it goes, puffing, and hissing, and gliding, and darting, and leaping, and swaying, till the end of the journey is reached.

We were so enraptured with the scenery that we had not noticed the time nor distance. We soon reached a point in the cañon where the valley became wider, until it looked as if the

place had been robbed of a number of huge mountains; but this was nature's work again; another place for her children. The city of Georgetown was before us, also beautifully situated between the sloping mountains. Here are numerous mills crushing the ore, while up the mountain-sides in the mines men are struggling for the precious metals.

Hanging above Georgetown is the famous world-renowned "Loop," known as one of the most wonderful pieces of railway engineering in the world. Leaving Georgetown, the train climbs the steep grade running under the great viaduct, and rises until the city is left far below. By the aid of a rough bridge we crossed to the other side of the cañon. We are now scaling the side of the mountain and rushing toward the city, at the same time leaving it farther and farther below. A sharp turn, and we are on the high bridge nearly one hundred feet directly above the track we passed over a few moments ago. This bridge takes us to the other side of the cañon and on to the "Big Fill," seventy-six feet high, where the curve was too sharp to bridge.

Another short turn around the mountain, with still another view of Georgetown hun-

dreds of feet below, and all the tracks over which we have passed in plain view, each seeming to have no relation to the other, and before us is another beautiful little valley dotted with neat homes, some of which are also clinging to the sides of the mountains. Silver Plume, as this place is called, is crouching at the base of huge mountains, so lofty that in winter a part of the village is excluded from the sun. There is also great danger of snowslides. Thousands of tons of snow overhang the village, threatening the inhabitants with death. In 1898 an avalanche of snow broke loose from the distant peaks, and came tearing down, dealing death and destruction in its path. A part of the village, with its inhabitants, was swept out of existence. The chief industry is silver mining, the camp having taken its name from the white metal which is found in large quantities in the sides of the mountains.

But we have not yet reached the end of this wonderful cañon. Still onward and upward, the scenery increasing in grandeur, until Graymont is reached, where we find ourselves nearly sixty miles from Denver and at an altitude of 9,771 feet above the level of the sea. This is the end of the railway. There is not

much of interest in Graymont itself, save the magnificent scenery around, but it is at this place where one gets an inspiring vision, the memory of which will last a lifetime. I can not express the emotion of my heart as I stood for the first time and beheld Gray's Peak, that beacon of the range towering serene, silent, and cold, its snow-capped summit piercing the blue sky, 14,441 feet above the shores of the sea.

The journey to the peak is made on horseback or on foot. To the inexperienced traveler the climbing of the peak looks like the work of an hour or less; but from three to four hours are necessary to reach the summit. Our time at Graymont was very limited, much too short to allow us to make the ascent. I must, therefore, leave the description of sunrise on Gray's Peak to an eye-witness: "When you see the mountain-tops begin to flush, and tremble, and glow, and the warm, soft color gently steal down into the valleys far below, disclosing unimagined distances, all aflame with light, you will have known what it is to see the sunrise on Gray's Peak. Description fails to give an idea of the majestic grouping of mountain light, and snowy range, of intermingling valley and cloud-rifts, towering pine,

and the gorgeous gushes of sunshine, suddenly falling like a cascade over all. The vision surely, from these supreme heights, is beyond description."

Before leaving Graymont I bought a half interest in a young Rocky Mountain eagle, W. F. Stevens, son of our Sunday-school superintendent, purchasing the other half. The eagle was captured high up among the crags of Gray Peak. Although scarcely able to fly, his wings measured over five feet from tip to tip. We kept him for several weeks, until one day we watched him as he stretched his wings and pierced the heavens with his keen eye, then began to beat himself against the bars of his prison as if longing for a chance to soar away to his native eyrie; agreeing, we opened the door of the pen, and set the captive free.

Before leaving this portion of the Rockies, a little trip to James Peak should be mentioned. The party consisted of George Landis, Sherman McAlister, and myself. Our plan was to reach the peak at dawn, in order to witness the sunrise, since mountain scenery can not be seen at its best at any other time. James Peak is ten miles from Central City, its snowy summit being plainly visible from

this place. We left Central City at four o'clock one afternoon, with our blankets strapped on our backs; for, notwithstanding it was the middle of July, the eternal snows of James Peak make a blanket a very necessary article, even in summer. A good supply of provisions was also taken, since many hours would elapse before we could return. It was dark when we reached the vicinity of the peak, but in the moonlight the gloomy old sentinel could be distinctly seen towering thousands of feet above us. Footsore and tired, we selected a suitable place to camp under the shadow of a huge rock, and to wait until one o'clock, when the final journey to the peak would begin. Soon the crackling of pine knots could be heard, and we sat down to a regular campers' supper. It was necessary to keep up a fire all night to ward off the prowling beasts; for we were in the domain of the bear and mountain lion, and were not very anxious for their company. It was for this reason that we camped below the timber-line. A little farther up no fuel could be procured, and to spend a night in such a region without a fire would be the height of folly. We were soon wrapped in our blankets, with our faces turned toward the stars of a clear, Colorado sky, and enjoying

the comforts—or discomforts—of the adventurer's life. I do n't think any of us slept very much; I know I did not, but felt rested when the time came to break camp. The moon had sunk down behind the mountains, making them stand out in bold profile, at the same time casting a gloom down the valley below. There was no mistaking the peak, for it loomed up before us far above the neighboring mountains, and seemed only a short distance away. We were not deceived as to the distance, however, and knew that we had before us at least two hours of difficult climbing. There was no beaten path to follow from the side which we approached the peak, and not until after we had passed through a thrilling experience, and spent three long hours in reaching the summit, did we find out that from the other side we could have made the ascent in much less time and with less strength. On we went, over rocks and crags, several times in danger of being hurled to the bottom of the valley, which had now taken on the proportions of an abyss. We were above the timber-line, and in the region of eternal snow and ice. The higher we went the more difficult the climbing. It became painfully evident to us that we had chosen the most difficult course to conquer the

towering giant before us. Suddenly we came to a place which seemed to make farther progress impossible. The torrents of water, which at times dash down the mountain-side, had been suddenly arrested by the strong hand of winter, and formed into a solid pillar of ice, reaching from the summit to hundreds of feet below. To turn back and make the ascent by another route would take too much time, and would deprive us of the very thing for which we came—sunrise on James Peak. Already gray streaks were making their appearance in the east. The great dome was almost directly above us, and seemed to challenge us to step on its crest. We determined to cross the ice-chute, which was about twenty feet in width. Never shall I forget that perilous attempt! Crawling on hands and knees, sometimes clinging to ribs of ice, then to a projecting rock, and sometimes to absolutely nothing; to slide off would mean certain death. I have read of men scaling the Matterhorn, and other perilous peaks; but they were prepared for the dangerous task. The dread of those few moments on that slippery pillar of ice meant more to me than the climbing of the Matterhorn to the more experienced climber. At last we were safely over, and once more

began to climb the rugged side of the mountain. The gray of early dawn had settled down upon the numerous peaks. It seemed as if we would never reach the top. To say that we were tired would not be just; we were nearly exhausted from fatigue. But we could not now be defeated. Wearily we dragged our feet up the rough way until, almost overcome, we planted them upon the hoary head of James Peak, fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. We were fully repaid for every effort made to gain this wondrous height. The scene was one of awful grandeur, and was increasing in splendor moment by moment. As the day advanced the distant peaks for miles around were bursting into view, like giants arousing from their slumber. Then, O glorious sight! the higher peaks in the distance became tipped with pure gold. From peak to peak the golden hues were flitting with lightning rapidity, when suddenly we, too, were bathing in the glorious sunlight, while the dusk of early dawn was still overshadowing the valley beneath our feet. We had witnessed the sunrise on James Peak. We remained on the summit about two hours, all the time wrapped in our blankets, and drank in the heavenly vision; for surely such soul-enrap-

turing scenery is a foretaste of the glories of heaven.

Before we had left the peak the sun had risen high enough to look over the mountain tops, and was kissing the tall pine-trees thousands of feet down the valley. Everything around us and beneath us was in a blaze of glory. The inspiration received from such a sight can not die with the years, but will last a lifetime. We were also impressed with the thought that these monuments of God's creative power were not made for their beautiful scenery alone, but, like all of his works, have a more important mission to perform. They are nature's great reservoirs, hoarding up the snows of winter, only to send sparkling streams of water dashing down their rugged sides in summer, on through the valleys and out on the plains, transforming the dreary waste into a beautiful garden of paradise, where waving fields of golden grain and tasseled corn in rich abundance bloom. Then, penetrating into their rocky hearts, we see the answer to the inspired writer: "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone."

CHAPTER IX

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

The tenuous mists are clinging, clinging
With airy fingers to crag and crest,
While down the gorges go winging, winging
The ghost of vapors that never rest;
Scattered by breeze and drawn by sun,
Their noiseless journey is never done.

See where aloft is parting, parting
A flimsy curtain from height on height!
The arrowy sun is darting, darting
His shafts of gold to the summit bright,
Wide opes the curtain, catch while you may
A ravishing glimpse of the far away.

But lo, around me are stealing, stealing,
Winding me, folding me, gray and chill,
The wraiths of the mountain, wheeling, wheeling,
Up from the valley, up from the hill.
Ah, I fear me their cold caresses,
But the tears they left on my wind-tossed tresses
(While fleeing my eyrie with garments torn)
Are kissed by the sun into gems newborn.

—A. E. TAYLOR.

ABOVE the clouds in the Rockies is a common experience to the mountaineer; but when viewed by the stranger for the first time it is

a scene of wonderful splendor. Standing one morning, with two others, on the summit of Bald Mountain, in Gilpin County, I beheld, for the first time, the marching of the clouds. The distant peaks were dancing in the sunlight; the tall pines were bending to the breeze. There was a feeling of wildness in the air, as if somewhere behind the distant peaks, in the deep ravines, the powers of the elements were holding a council of war. Later, banks of clouds, unlike the soft, fleecy clouds that float lazily across the blue Colorado sky, began to appear in the distance. They were dense and heavy, and were plunging and tossing as if hurried on by some unseen power. Nearer and nearer they came. Mountain after mountain disappeared from view as completely as if swallowed by an earthquake. Here and there could be seen a peak which looked like the hull of a stranded vessel, tossed on the bosom of a mighty ocean. On, on, rearing and pitching, yet as noiseless and silent as death, they struck the base of the mountain on which we stood; now up the side of the mountain they rolled, until the next instant we were engulfed in a sea of clouds. A few moments ago we could scan the mountain peaks for miles around; now

we could not see one another a few feet distant. We groped our way down the mountain side; when suddenly we emerged from the clouds, and, sitting down, we watched them rolling and tossing in their onward course directly above our heads. Since that time I have been several times above the clouds; but the grandeur of that experience surpassed all others.

Up to this time my knowledge of the Rockies had been confined to three or four counties; but eventually I was permitted to see more of this majestic scenery. In 1885 I was whirled through the winding passages, deep gorges, long tunnels, and bewitching scenery of the Denver and South Park. The following beautiful and true pen picture, taken from "South Park and Alpine Pass,"* can best portray this trip:

"At the summit of the Pass is Alpine Tunnel, the highest railway tunnel in the world, and the '*highest railway point in North America.*' At an altitude of 11,660 feet the dome of the continent is here reached, and thence to Gunnison the flight is downward. The train is now on the Pacific Slope. The

* By kind permission of the Colorado and Southern Railway Company.

Palisades are at hand. The scene is of such transcendent and noble beauty that it would be sacrilege to pass by without stopping. On one side a mighty wall of stone, along the face of which a narrow shelf has been blasted to make room for the railway track; on the other, an enchanting valley, whose farther limits no eye, except the eye of Omnipotence, can penetrate. In the presence of this majestic scene, is it any wonder that our party, as if by one common impulse, gathered on the edge of the fathomless precipice and united in that grandest of all hymns, 'Nearer, my God, to thee?' Hats were removed, and there was not a dry eye in the assemblage when the last notes died away. The scene is one of the grand panoramas of the earth. Once witnessed, it is never forgotten.

"From the Palisades to Pitkin, a distance of barely thirteen miles, the little train descends more than 2,600 feet, and from the track on the rocky ledge to the track to be seen so far below, the fall is nearly 1,800 feet, and the distance to be traversed by rail about nine miles.

"Approaching South Park, the best position is on the side of the train looking from the steep hill, whose rugged sides the engine trem-

blingly begins to surmount. The gradual approach to the dizzy point above and far ahead seems to require a long time. On the way few persons have the hardihood to take more than a single glance down the side of the mighty precipice at the left of the railway track. Down, down, down! A thousand feet in sheer perpendicular! The breaking of a wheel, the loosening of a joint, the failure of the locomotive to attain the summit, and death apparently yawns below. Nerves are wrought to the highest tension. All the misdeeds of life pass before the mind in such a moment. Existence seems to hang on a thread, and for once, at least, the insignificance of human ambition is indelibly impressed upon the mind. The traveler may be assured, however, that there will be no accident. During the fifteen years that the railway has been in operation not a single mishap has occurred on Kenosha Hill.

"Then comes the elysium. Imagine a vast ocean of many colors, hemmed in as far as the eye can reach by walls of mighty mountain peaks, whose crests seem lost in eternal blue or are bathed in sunlight and shadow. On one side, the main range of the continent; on the other, a rim of toothlike summits, whose

edges for one hundred miles are as clearly defined as if chiseled out of steel by the hand of a giant. Beyond the rim, to the southeast, the hoary head of Pike's Peak stands silent sentinel. On the west rears the proud summit of Mount Lincoln. The writer can not forbear quoting from an eloquent description of this mountain by Judge Stone, as the scene applies with almost equal force from the top of Kenosha Pass:

“‘Few ever die having beheld so magnificent a prospect as is seen from the summit of Mount Lincoln. Colorado is spread out at your feet. The South Park, sixty miles long and thirty miles wide, with its undulating hills, green meadows, and thousand glittering lakes and brooks, dwindles to a pleasure garden. You look over Long's Peak, north, almost into Dakota. You look over the Spanish peaks south into New Mexico; and turning to the east, your vision wanders over Pike's Peak, where the great plains spread out like an emerald ocean.’

“The following extract is from the report of Dr. F. D. Hayden, of the United States Geological Survey, who ascended the mountain twenty-five years ago:

“‘The view from the summit of Mount Lin-

coln is wonderful in its extent. From the top of this mountain more than fifty peaks, rising to the elevation of thirteen thousand feet and upwards, and above two hundred over twelve thousand feet, can be seen. Probably there is no portion of the world accessible to the traveling public where such a wilderness of lofty peaks can be seen within a single scope of the vision.'

"South Park was so named by the Spanish adventurers of perhaps two or three centuries ago, who wandered into the enchanted circle in search of gold and beaver skins. Later came the voyageurs and hunters of the great fur companies, who found the park teeming with buffalo, deer, antelope, and every variety of small game known in the mountains. The park, as late as 1865, was a paradise for hunters. Lieutenant Zebulon Pike crossed the eastern edge of the park in 1807, on the celebrated expedition which gave Pike's Peak its name. Just before the Mexican War, Colonel John C. Fremont, at the head of a hardy party of plainsmen and mountaineers, entered the park by way of Kenosha Creek, where the line of the railway now runs, and built a stone fortress on an island, which may still be seen at a distance of four or five miles from the

railway, in the northeast end of the park. Fremont's Fort is a historic relic which should be carefully preserved as one of the attractions of Colorado. Bayard Taylor, Schuyler Colfax, Samuel Bowles, Helen Hunt, and other persons of National reputation who might be named by the score, were attracted to the region by the beauty of the scenery, and have left descriptions of the park which will be read as long as the English language is spoken. Bierstadt, Frankenstein, and great painters of Europe and America, have given to the world the results of a careful study of the wonderful scenic effects of high altitudes in South Park. At an elevation of nine thousand feet, with mountains towering six thousand feet higher, protected from the chilly blasts of the North and the hot winds of the South, the park has a climate distinctly its own, and a clearness of atmosphere which is not duplicated in any other mountain region."

But here again, among these crags and peaks, which are frequently above the clouds, nature did something more than to make beautiful scenery. Millions of dollars of gold have been gathered from the region of South Park. On the northeast portion of Mount Bross, one

of the peaks bordering the park, is located the celebrated Moose mine. It is stated that within five years this mine alone produced over three millions of dollars. It is further stated, by experts, that the mountains surrounding the park are a vast deposit of gold and other precious metals, which will furnish occupation to miners for centuries to come.

This chapter would be incomplete without a description of Pike's Peak, called by many "The King of the Rockies." Although I have seen Pike's Peak several times, and was once at its base, it was never my privilege to mount its summit. The following beautiful description is taken from the "Tourist's Handbook," and, I am told by those who have made the ascent, vividly portrays the matchless scene:

"As the ascent is made, many opportunities are given for exquisite views of the world below, through vistas in the trees, with the eastern plains glowing in the sunshine, and extending as far as the vision reaches, and limited only by the blue horizon's verge. About half way up the mountain, and directly on the line of the railway, reached also by the trail, lies the Half-way House. When the headwaters of Ruxton Creek are reached, the road

curves to the southwest, and Windy point is attained. From here one has a distinct view of Manitou, Colorado City, and Colorado Springs. The Cathedral Spires and the Great Gateway of the Garden of the Gods appear like the castles set by the giants for a stupendous game of chess. We are now far above timber line. On all sides can be seen strange flowers of lovely forms and varied hues. Plants which attain considerable proportions on the plains are here reduced to their lowest terms. It is not an unusual thing to find a sunflower stalk on the prairies rising to a height of from eight to ten feet; here they grow like dandelions in the grass, yet retaining all their characteristics of form and color. Beyond this mountain meadow are great fields of disintegrated granite, broken cubes of pink rock, so vast in extent that they might well be the ruins of the ancient cities in the world. Far below flash the waters of Lake Morain, and beyond, to the southward, lie the Seven Lakes. Another turn of the track to the northward, and the shining rails stretch almost straight up what appears to be an inaccessible wall of precipitous granite. But no physical obstruction is formidable enough to stop the progress of this marvelous railway; and, pass-

ing the yawning abyss of the crater, the line proceeds direct to the summit. The grade here is one of twenty-five per cent, and timid passengers will not escape a thrill of fear as they gaze over the brink of this precipice, although the danger is absolutely nothing. At last the summit is reached, and, disembarking, the tourists can seek refreshments in the hotel, and then spend the time before the train returns enjoying the view and in rambling over the seventy acres of broken granite which form the summit.

"Pike's Peak has long been an object of admiration to the world, because of its commanding position and the glamour thrown around it by history and tradition. Authors have expended all their skill in describing it, and poets have sung its praise. Among the more recent poetical tributes to this monarch of the range is the following sonnet by Professor William H. Tibbals:

"Into the boundless air so thin and cold,
Far up above the line of living green,
Rises thy granite peak, gray, grand, serene.
Thy seamed sides, all broken, rugged, bold,
Speak of volcanic ages yet untold,
And tow'ring high through riven clouds is seen
Thy summit glistening in the sunlight sheen,
All undisturbed by storms that thee unfold.

The morning sun gilds first thy top. His last
Ray fires thy crest—an oriflamme it seems,
While shadows deepen over vale and plain.
In thy deep chasms th' eternal snows held fast
Keep ever fresh and full the living streams,
That in cascades now fall and fall again.'

The majesty of greatness and the mystery of minuteness are here brought face to face. The thoughtful mind is awed by the contemplation of this scene, and when the reflection comes that these great spaces are but grains of sand on an infinite shore of creation, and that there are worlds of beauty as vast and varied between the tiny flowers and the researches of the microscope as those which exist on an ascending scale between the flowers and the great globe itself, the mind is overwhelmed with wonder and admiration."

Three times it was my privilege to go through the "Grand Cañon of the Arkansas," and each time the scenery seemed to grow in magnificence and splendor. At the place known as the Royal Gorge the walls rise for thousands of feet in sheer perpendicular, revealing a thin rib of light at their lofty summits, while down in the bed of the cañon dwells a somber gloom which has never been disturbed by the penetrating rays of the sun.

Fully as much, or even more, can be said of "Cañon of the Grand," through whose deep recesses I was twice carried. In this cañon are mountains piled upon mountains, battlements upon battlements, towering away into the limitless space, overhanging, frowning as if indignant that frail men should dare enter their domain. As one gazes on the jagged peaks thousands of feet above, he can scarcely be convinced that they are not slipping from their moorings and will fall through space.

Then there is the "Black Cañon"—the Grand Cañon of the Gunnison—through which it was also my privilege to pass. Men who have traveled the world over have declared that at no place is the scenery more beautiful, imposing, sublime, and awful. Great piles of God's solid masonry rise until their tiny peaks tremble in the thin air. The great "Currecanti Needle," standing in the center of the cañon, its needle point piercing the clouds, looks like a mighty cathedral spire in the temple of God's creation, demanding the worship and adoration of all his creatures.

Any attempt to picture, in words, the majestic scenery of the Rocky Mountains must

be regarded as very imperfect; it must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. There are numerous peaks, ranges, cañons, and parks, all possessing natural beauties far beyond the power of description. It will ever be true of the Rocky Mountains—"the half has never been told."

CHAPTER X

HAMMERING

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping
How his strong arm in his stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle glides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl growth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are around
 thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee:
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

SOON after arriving at Central City, I went to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and presented my certificate of membership, brought from England. For a few weeks everything went well; then there was a change. I became indifferent as regards my religious duties, and slowly drifted from the path of duty,

remaining for two long years in religious inactivity. I know not how to account for this, unless it was the tide of worldliness which swept over my soul in the search for wealth. As I view it now, I think God was gracious in not granting my worldly desires; for, had riches increased, I might have neglected his Word altogether. Since then I have used the prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny thee." During these two years I had wandered over several counties seeking wealth, but found it not. On the contrary, I found much poverty and hardship. One winter caught me many miles away from civilization, in the fastnesses of the mountains, with only a tent for shelter, and the thermometer registering far below the zero mark. It was here that I *came to myself*. I feel it my duty to state, for the encouragement of praying mothers, that nothing but my mother's prayers and holy life saved me from ruin during that period. The poet struck the right chord when he said:

"And though you wander far in sin,
Still true her heart shall beat;
And even there your mother's prayer
Shall tangle round your feet."

It made no difference where I was—in the mine, the mill, or on the mountain-side, her saintly form was ever before me, her godly counsel ringing in my ears. And so it happened, that on one cold winter day I was awakened, and said, like the prodigal of old, "I will arise and go to my Father." At this time I was hundreds of miles from Central City, which I considered my home, but decided to return immediately, and began the journey the next day. I need not recount the hardships endured on the trip; let it suffice to say that I reached Central City richer in experience, and as poor in purse as when I first landed fresh from the old country, save that, in addition to my poverty, I was now very heavily in debt.

The first noticeable thing upon my return was a gracious revival of religion in the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. T. L. Wiltsee. I determined to put my new resolutions into practice without delay. However, there was much in the way, and pride once more had to be overcome. My presence at the church caused no little surprise, for not many had heard of my return. The pastor preached a good gospel sermon, a great deal of which suited

my case. The invitation for those who wanted to renew their covenant with the Lord also suited me, and, going to the altar of prayer, I gave myself back to God and to his cause. That was a happy night. My plans to acquire wealth had been frustrated; but I felt rich in my new-found joy. The letters to my parents, which had lost the ring of Christian cheer, now began once more to tell of the goodness and mercy of the Lord.

It soon became apparent that I must be active in Christian work. Already I had realized to my sorrow that "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." I therefore resolved to attend each service, and take an active part whenever possible. There was sometimes a great temptation to remain away from the prayer-meeting. After climbing a mile up the steep mountain-side, then descending two thousand feet below the surface, remaining there, hard at work, for ten hours, one might reasonably be excused from prayer-meeting; but Wednesday evening almost invariably found me in my place. Faithfulness in attending the services, together with my willingness to take an active part in the same, soon attracted the attention

of the pastor and Sunday-school superintendent, and in due time I was assigned to the important position of teacher in the Sunday-school. I entered into the work with love and zeal. I was given a class of boys, one of whom was little Willie Prisk, who was drowned in a mine, referred to in a previous chapter. It was while teaching this class of boys that my old love and fire for preaching the gospel returned. Each lesson was carefully and prayerfully studied through the week, and every Sunday afternoon was a glorious opportunity to preach the gospel to my class of boys.

After a few weeks, my class of boys was taken from me and given to another, while I was given charge of the primary department, a class of eighty in number, and all under ten years of age. I can truly say that never have I felt more my responsibility in any position held in the Church; no, not even in the ministry. Those eighty young hearts were receiving religious impressions which would remain with them through life, and I was responsible, in a great measure, for their religious training.

The next step in the line of promotion was that of assistant class-leader; then came the

receiving of an exhorter's license. This was cause for great joy, as it was the first actual step toward the ministry.

My faith in the Lord was now to be tried in a peculiar manner. Up to this time, since my return, I had been working six days in the week, using Sunday for rest and worship. The mine in which I was engaged had adopted the rule of Sunday labor. This meant that every man employed in the mine must work seven days a week, unless prevented by sickness or some other just cause. After prayerfully considering the matter, I decided that, come what might, I could not observe the rule. I resolved to work on until Saturday night, and then ask to be excused for the next day. This I would do until refused, and then resign my position. My request was granted the first and second time; the third Saturday evening was the test, when, as usual, I asked to be excused from work on the following day. The foreman wanted to know my reason for being excused so often. My answer was given in a few well-chosen words, for I had been expecting the inquiry. I said: "I am trying to live a Christian life, and am also trying to teach others to do the same. Further, I have duties in the church, also religious obligations

which must be discharged on Sunday, hence I can not devote the day to manual labor." As I expected, he referred to the rule of the mine bearing on this question, and stated that I must obey it or forfeit my position. I accepted the latter proposition without a moment's hesitation, and that Saturday evening found me once more without employment, almost penniless, and still in debt.

I did not feel despondent over my gloomy situation. I say *gloomy* situation; for certainly the prospect was not flattering; and the fact that there were scores of men looking for work, and unable to find it, did not improve it any. I made my condition a special subject of prayer that night, and felt confident that God would lead me, and that in the end I should lose nothing by taking such a decisive stand. God was quick to answer my prayer. Andrew Stevens, the superintendent of the California Mine, a God-fearing man, upon hearing of my case, sent for me and asked if what he had heard concerning the giving up of my position were true. I told him it was true. He then requested me to call at the California Mine the next morning and be ready for work. This was the beginning of better days. With but two or three slight interruptions, I remained

in the employ of Mr. Stevens for five years, or up to a short time previous to entering the ministry.

As time passed I became more firmly established in the Church, and steadily grew in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord. I made good use of my exhorter's license, speaking at every opportunity, and each attempt reminded me of the fact that my education was inadequate to the work of the ministry to which I was aspiring, and that a better education *must* be acquired before entering upon the duties incident to the ministerial life.

About this time I was deeply impressed by a lecture delivered by Chancellor McDowell, of the Denver University. In a private conversation with the chancellor after the lecture he questioned me as to my plans for the future. I told him it was my intention to preach the gospel, and that all my aims and ambitions were in that direction. Thereupon he invited me to attend the Denver University and better prepare myself for the important work. It was with regret that I informed him of my financial condition and of the impracticability of such a method at that time; but I hoped that some day the way would be opened for me to take the course.

The few years spent in school during my childhood were of great value to me now. I can not remember when I first learned to read, and had always taken great delight in books. I am frank to confess, however, that my reading was not always wisely selected, which, undoubtedly, performed no small part in leading me away from the path of religious duty. I wish I could impress indelibly upon the hearts of my young readers that what we read becomes a part of our soul-life just as what we eat becomes a part of our bodies. With this truth well remembered, no young man or woman will select reading matter degrading in its nature, but, to the contrary, will wisely choose that which is pure and elevating. I could also write a fair hand, and knew enough arithmetic to do my own business, which, fortunately for my arithmetic's sake, was not very great at that time. So, taking all things into consideration, I had a better beginning than many others whom I had known who had pressed forward and attained success.

My greatest difficulty was with pronunciation. Having been born and reared in a country where dialects are numerous and difficult to understand, I could not escape this evil. To overcome the dialect peculiar to Cornish-

men, which had been my chief method of conversation for twenty-three years, was no easy task. Perhaps I should mention here that in many places in the West, where whole settlements are composed of men from the same place, the same dialect is used as in the old country. Many men, after being in America twenty or thirty years, make little or no advancement in their method of conversation. Working every day with men who invariably used the old Cornish dialect did not make my task to overcome it any easier. Yet resolutely I set myself against this lifelong habit, with a determination to succeed. I soon discovered that it was a stupendous undertaking, one that would require years of patient toil. I made it a rule to use invariably the best language at my command, whether at work or on the street. Naturally, when my aspirations became known to them, I was ridiculed by my fellow-laborers, and many taunts and jeers came my way, which only spurred me to a greater determination to conquer. It was at this time that I received the title of *Doctor* (D. D.), derisively bestowed upon me by my comrades, and which, perhaps is the only distinguished title I shall ever have. Yet, like some of my brethren in the ministry, I have not given up

all hope, and if by no other method, I may yet obtain it in the same manner as many of them have done, and which Dr. Mason, of our Church, interprets as "D. D.—Donated Dignity." My progress was greater than I had ever imagined it could possibly have been, and, as the months wore on into years, it was almost impossible to detect even the slightest sign of the dialect which had been my only method of conversing for over twenty-three years. But it was the *everlasting hammering* that did it. I have yet in my possession the marked and ore-stained copy of Reed and Kellogg's Grammar which was for years my daily companion in the mine. I was accustomed to cut a niche in the rocky wall to hold the book, and, while hammering the drill, would at the same time *hammer* out the various parts of speech and their relations to each other. Not only is this true with regard to grammar, but it was the same with respect to other studies necessary to prepare me for future life. Lessons were prepared in the evening or early morning to be mastered through the day; and even to-day I can hear the ring of the hammer as lesson after lesson was being pounded into my brain.

Combined with this kind of study was a little

practical work in the line of preaching; for meantime I had received a local preacher's license, and made regular trips to Russell Gulch, a village three miles from Central City, and at that time a part of the Central City Charge. While this meant additional work, it was just the kind of drill I needed. I am again willing to confess that my efforts were indeed very weak, but each invitation was seized as another opportunity to improve.

It became apparent to myself, and also to my friends, that I was making advancement. But little did my friends know at how great cost and sacrifice this progress was bought. They did not know that nearly every night found me studying long after they had retired, and that frequently two hours were spent before breakfast, which had to be eaten at six in order to be at the mine at seven, and also that each day a lesson was taken into the mine to be mastered before the evening; but such was the case. This extra study, besides working ten hours each day in the mine, was for a long time kept up incessantly; but there is a limit to human endurance, and, notwithstanding my rugged constitution, I reached the limit. I was compelled to cease from both daily labor

and study, and to retreat into the valleys and foothills for a few weeks, which change ultimately had the desired effect, and I returned to my former position to continue the *hammering* process of study.

CHAPTER XI

TRIED AND FOUND WANTING

Let not thy good hope depart,
Sit not down bewailing;
Rouse thy strength anew, brave heart!
'Neath despair's assailing:
This will give thee fairer start—
Knowledge of thy failing.

—J. K. LOMBARD.

UNDER the pastoral care of Rev. T. L. Wiltsee I had risen from obscurity to an official position in the Church. I shall ever be grateful for his kind care and advice, which were always freely given to help me in my struggles. I had learned to confide in him, and found in him such a true friend that it brought great sorrow to my heart when the news came from the Annual Conference informing us of his transfer to another charge. I am also greatly indebted to Rev. F. S. Beggs and his faithful wife, who took a special interest in my behalf during their stay at Central City, not even giving me up after they left the charge, but writing encouraging letters to cheer me on in my arduous task.

About this time the Rev. A. L. T. Ewert came to serve our Church. From the beginning he became my personal friend, rendering me great service in the prosecution of my studies and in drilling me in the ways of the ministerial life. He also believed in the "pushing-out" process, as he called it, sometimes giving me his Sunday morning service, while he would sit in the audience as a severe, yet kind critic. At other times he would call upon me to exhort, after the evening sermon, without a moment's warning. At first I thought this very unfair; but, being assured that it was for my good, I responded whenever called, although sometimes with trembling voice and limbs. This kind of treatment gave me the courage and boldness necessary to stand before a large audience, and, at the same time, to hold my thoughts without being frightened. I am to-day reaping the benefit of this excellent drill given by this kind and loving man. I feel, therefore, that I should sadly neglect my duty should I fail to acknowledge my gratitude to this true friend and brother, Rev. A. L. T. Ewert, for the interest which he took in my welfare, taking me, as he did, under his special care, calling me his "son in the ministry," and providing me with books which

have to-day a prominent place in my library. May our Heavenly Father continue to bless him in his work of love! At this writing Rev. Mr. Ewert is pastor of Centenary Church, Jacksonville, Ill., a great educational and religious center.

Calling me into his study one day, my pastor greatly surprised me by asking me to take charge of a circuit. Although I had been looking forward with great anticipation to the time when I should enter the active work of the ministry, I was not prepared for this, and did not consider myself ready to take the work. The Jamestown Circuit was the charge in question. At the previous session of the Annual Conference it was left to be supplied. Rev. Mr. Ewert had given my name to the presiding elder for the place, and had received word to send me to take charge of the circuit. This was all done without consulting me, my pastor thinking it was best for me to know nothing about it until the arrangements had been completed. I was so completely surprised that I asked for a day or two in which to consider the matter. After spending some time in prayer and careful consideration, I decided to go and look over the work and try it for a few weeks.

Packing my few personal effects in my trunk, I started for Jamestown, the head of the circuit. Brother Harrison, the leader at Jamestown, greeted me very cordially, but said he was sorry to inform me that the outlook for a good beginning was not very encouraging. I learned that my predecessor was not a regular minister, but a local preacher, who followed his calling as a miner, and devoted his spare time and Sundays to the work of the circuit; also, that he was very much displeased with the action of the presiding elder in taking the circuit from him and giving it to another. I could, therefore, expect no help or sympathy from him, he having resolved to have nothing to do with the new preacher, save, as I discovered a little later, to work against him. Brother Harrison prepared me for this by telling me that a service had been announced in the Town Hall for the same hour as my service in the church, to be conducted by the former pastor. On Saturday I visited every house in the village, and invited the people to attend the Church services the next evening at the regular preaching hour. It was at this service that both my faith and courage were tried. I had preached at two of the other appointments on the circuit during the day, and found but

little to inspire me in the work; and, besides, I was wearied from my trip of several miles across the mountains on horseback, an experience entirely new to me. So, altogether, I was in no condition, physically or mentally, to meet the surprise that awaited me. A large congregation that night would have helped me wonderfully, and I had expected at least a fair representation of the community on my first appearance as pastor of the Church. But imagine my consternation and dismay when I met my first congregation in Jamestown composed of two men, one woman, and two small children. It was painfully evident that my predecessor had succeeded in winning a large majority of the people over on his side by making them believe that he had been treated unjustly. I told the few who were present that I was there to preach, and if they would remain I would do so. They consented, and the service was conducted in the regular order. After the sermon, Brother Harrison spoke encouraging words, hoping for better things in the future. It was just the right message, for I doubt very much if ever there was a "young preacher" who needed encouragement more than I did at that time.

The next Sunday the other points on the

circuit were visited, and I was in a position to form an opinion of the charge, which, from my point of view, was not a favorable one. Hence, it did not take me long to reach the conclusion that I was not the man for the place, since, with my lack of experience, I could not bring order out of chaos. Acting on this impulse, I wrote the presiding elder, at the same time tendering my resignation, and, without even waiting for an answer, returned to Central City. Rev. Mr. Ewert remonstrated with me, insisting that I return and take up the work where I had left off. He cited me to a similar instance which happened at the commencement of his ministry. But no argument brought to bear could induce me to return to the Jamestown Circuit.

The short experience on the circuit, however, had given me an insight into and a small taste of ministerial life, and also taught me that I lacked many requisites necessary for the successful work of the ministry. Among other things, I felt the need of a more entire consecration to endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross of Christ; also, the need of greater preparation along various educational lines. I did not look upon my failure as a defeat, but as a revelation showing me my unprepared con-

dition for so great and important a work. I once more took up my daily routine as a miner, and once more entered upon my studies, hoping that some time in the future I might be fitted for the work of the ministry and successfully perform the duties of the same.

CHAPTER XII

“STRUCK IT RICH” AT LAST

'T was you who made me own the Hand
That's working all along,
In ways we can not understand,
Still bringing right from wrong,
You've kept me brave, and kept me true;
You've made me trust and pray;
My gentle evening star were you,
That blessed the close of day.
Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

IN 1891 I decided to leave Central City. For a long time I had had a desire to visit Aspen, in Pitkin County, and the 15th day of October, of the above year, found me in that city. There were several people in Aspen whom I had formerly known in Central City. Among them was a Mrs. Tippet, with whom I used to board, and I found no difficulty in again securing board with her. My past experience prompted me to seek the church at the first opportunity, which I did on the same evening

of my arrival in company with a young man who was a member of our Church here. There was no regular service, but, being the time for choir practice, it presented a good opportunity to see the church that was to be my spiritual home while I remained in the city. As we approached, strains of music, mingled with the voices of many singers, floated out on the evening air. Quietly stepping inside and slipping into a rear seat, we remained for some time looking at the church and listening to the singing. Suddenly my eyes became riveted on one of the singers. Her face looked familiar, yet I was positive that I had never before seen her. What did it mean! Had I been led to Aspen for this moment? The voice of my soul answered *yes*.

I entered heartily into the work of the Church, and thus came in close contact with Miss Lee, the young woman that had so favorably impressed me, who was a zealous worker, and whose companionship I found to be very agreeable. Somehow, it was not difficult for us to become acquainted, and in a few weeks we were friends. Rev. Mr. Carnine, the pastor, was pleased to receive me as a local preacher, and straightway pressed me into active service. He was a new man on the charge, and, finding

the spiritual life of the Church at a very low ebb, was now rallying his members for the winter's campaign. One Sunday evening, while the pastor was earnestly presenting the truth, in approval of a statement made in the sermon, and forgetting for a moment that I was in a strange place, I heartily responded by saying, loud enough to be heard all over the Church, "*Amen.*" The preacher paused in his sermon, and, turning to me, said: "God bless you, young man! *Amens* are worth five dollars apiece in this church." That winter the Church was blessed with the greatest revival in its history. Many souls were converted and large additions made to the Church.

Fortune seemed to favor me, since Miss Lee proved to be just the help I needed in my studies. She was at this time a teacher in the Aspen public schools, and offered to give me, freely, such help as was within her power. To make matters still better, a necessary change in my boarding-place led me to take rooms at the same house with Miss Lee, the home of her cousin. Thus we were enabled to prosecute our studies in the evenings, much to our mutual enjoyment. I can not tell exactly how it all came about, but before the spring rolled around we had entered into a contract to share

each other's joys and sorrows through life. We parted in the spring to meet again the following August, this time in Huntington, Ind., at the home of Miss Lee's parents, where, on the eleventh day of the same month, and in the year of 1892, we were united in marriage. On that day I came into the possession of a rich mine of knowledge, and love, which has continued to yield untold wealth through the years; for I do not hesitate to say that the help and influence of Laura Lee, who then became my wife, and who for the past ten years has stood faithfully by my side, is responsible, in no small degree, for the measure of success we now enjoy.

The time seemed now to have fully arrived for entering the work of the ministry. Laura, as I shall continue to call my wife in this sketch, was also very anxious to begin the work, as this had been the fond desire of her heart. Being thus doubly equipped, I, too, felt anxious to *try again*. The next session of the North Indiana Conference would be held in the spring. It was this Conference I hoped to enter, since we were now living within its bounds. I laid the matter before my pastor, Rev. F. G. Browne, now assistant editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, who advised

me to prepare for the examination for admission *on trial* into the Conference. I must here express my debt of gratitude to him, who, like Rev. A. L. T. Ewert, took a special interest in me, giving me free access to his library, helping me to prepare for the examination, and using his influence in my behalf, without which my admission to the Conference would have been very doubtful, if not impossible, as it proved to be a year when candidates were numerous and "openings" few.

At the fourth Quarterly Conference of the Huntington Charge I was asked the questions previous to being recommended for admission on trial in the Annual Conference, and, answering them to the satisfaction of the members of that body, I was duly recommended to the North Indiana Conference.

CHAPTER XIII

ON TRIAL

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.—2 TIM. II, 15.

THE annual session of the North Indiana Conference was held at Mishawaka, March 29 to April 4, 1893, presided over by Bishop I. W. Joyce, and was one of the most spiritual in its history, there being many conversions and accessions to the Church during the session. There was a large class up for admission on trial. Places were found for fifteen, and I was among the number. The time finally came for the reading of the appointments. This was one of the most interesting periods of the Conference, since it decided, as far as the Conference was concerned, the fate of about two hundred preachers for the year to come; and to none was it more interesting than to myself, as I was about to receive my first appointment. Fort Wayne District was the first called. Not the slightest sound could be heard, save the

voice of the bishop as he commenced to read the appointments. I had not long to wait, for I had been assigned to the Fort Wayne District. "Coesse,—George Cocking," said the bishop, and my case was settled, for the year, at least.

The next few days were spent in packing goods and getting things necessary for circuit work. It is with a feeling of gratitude that I acknowledge the kindness of Dr. W. C. Chaffee, of Huntington, who supplied me with a cart, almost new, set of harness, and a set of Matthew Henry's Commentaries. This act of kindness, with many shown by other members and friends of the Huntington Methodist Episcopal Church, will never be forgotten. We started overland for our new charge, followed by two wagons, which contained all our earthly possessions. Coesse was reached on the evening of the same day, it being about twenty miles north of Huntington. The parsonage was nicely situated on the southwest corner of the principal street of the village, overshadowed by several beautiful maple-trees. It was a frame building, having served for a parsonage for over thirty years, and, to all appearances, had long since crossed the "dead line," and should have been placed on the

superannuated list. This opinion was soon very emphatically and vividly confirmed. One night, shortly after our arrival, I was lying awake in bed listening to the rain as it dripped from the maples on to the roof, at the same time thinking and planning for the work of the circuit, when suddenly I was struck squarely on the face by two big drops. Others came down—spat! spat!—in quick succession. Procuring a light, I began to investigate, and found the ceiling studded with drops which looked like huge diamonds glistening in the lamplight. Changing the bed to a position where our heads would escape the drops, we once more retired for the night. The real excitement, however, came in the morning, when we discovered that the rain had poured in upstairs, passed through a cheap, highly-colored ingrain carpet, and finally found its way to the front room below. Laura threw up her hands in complete consternation at the sight, at the same time exclaiming, "My new carpet is ruined; my new carpet is ruined!" To make matters worse, if such a thing were possible, the water, mixed with the dye from the ingrain carpet, making it a blood red, was still pouring down through the stovepipe hole in the floor above. I hastily procured a wash-

tub, and prevented further *ruination* in that direction. Temporary repairs were made, but it was not until the next year that the parsonage was thoroughly renovated and transformed into a comfortable, modern house.

The circuit was made up of five points: Coesse, situated on the Pennsylvania Railway, six miles east of Columbia City, the county-seat of Whitley County; Arcola, six miles east of Coesse; Lake Chapel, seven miles northeast; Town House, or Jefferson, six miles south; and Friendship, thirteen miles southeast. The salary was fixed at six hundred dollars, including house rent. We entered upon our new duties with a determination to make the year a successful one. The people turned out in large numbers to hear and see the new preacher. A very kind reception was accorded us at each point, and the work soon began to move along with good prospects.

The time for revival-meetings finally came. This meant at least two weeks, and sometimes three, at each point, besides the regular Sunday work of three sermons to as many congregations. This extra labor, coming at the time when the roads, at some points, were almost impassable, made the winter's work anything but easy. This first winter was, in many

respects, one of the hardest I have experienced in the work. This was due largely to the illness of our little son, Ezra, who had come to bless the parsonage home, which necessitated my driving home from the various points after the evening service, often reaching home after midnight. Notwithstanding the long, cold drives and the drenching by the rain and sleet, there was much to encourage us. God had wonderfully blessed the efforts put forth in the conversion of many souls and a gracious uplift to the Church. Thus the first year passed. At the next session of the Annual Conference we were returned to the same charge, but served only seven months of the Conference year.

In the spring of 1895 we were assigned to the Bobo Circuit, another charge of five points. While Bobo is only a small village, situated on the Chicago and Erie Railway, five miles east of Decatur, in Adams County, it can boast of one of the finest country parsonages in the Fort Wayne District. This was a very pleasing feature, especially to Laura; for what woman is not proud of a beautiful and commodious home? We found thriving classes at each of these points, namely: Mount Tabor, which was the home point, situated on the old

Piqua Road, one mile from the parsonage (a magnificent new church has been built since only a few rods from the parsonage door); Pleasant Mills, three miles south of Bobo; Steele, known as Salem Class, seven miles south; Monroe, nine miles southwest; and Washington Class, ten miles west. The people at each point greeted us kindly, and pledged us their support. Two happy and successful years were spent on this charge, which resulted in many conversions and additions to the Church. It was during this pastorate that I again realized the wonderful help I had in my wife, who, on several occasions, on account of my sickness or inability to be present, filled the pulpit, much to the pleasure and satisfaction of the people.

The second year a new church was built at Pleasant Mills. When this enterprise was started it was thought by some to be an impossibility, but the heroic giving by the members and friends of the Church made it gloriously possible. This charge will also be remembered by the wonderful crops of mud produced each winter. At that time there was not a foot of gravel road on the whole circuit. During the muddy season a buggy could not be used. Carts were in great demand, but later

in the winter they, too, had to be abandoned, and horseback riding followed. But even horseback riding was sometimes impossible. Then I had the privilege of walking in the fence corners, until finally, when this became impracticable, I remained at home until the sea of mud froze over. I am pleased to state, however, for the encouragement of my brethren who may be called to serve this charge in the future, that these conditions no longer exist, since Bobo Circuit can now boast of several miles of splendid gravel roads.

Our assignment in the spring of 1897 was to the Hoagland Charge, still another circuit of five points, situated on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway, in Allen County. The other points were: Williamsport, five miles west of Hoagland; Sheldon, ten miles west; Mt. Pleasant, eight miles south; and Alpha, nine miles southeast. Here, as at former places, we were kindly received, and had the hearty support of the people. The year proved a very prosperous one; God honored the efforts made in the conversion of souls at each point on the circuit.

Meanwhile I had been admitted to the Conference as a member, and was now in the last year of the studies. The yearly examination

meant a great deal of additional labor. For the information of those who do not know what the young preacher must do, I submit a brief outline. There were twenty-two text-books to be carefully studied, some of them containing over five hundred pages, and satisfactory grades passed upon each; twenty-three books to be read, and a syllabus written on each; also a sermon and an essay each year; and all to pass under the critical eyes of the Conference examiners. The spring of 1898 found this arduous task accomplished, and, having received deacon's orders two years previously, I was now elected to elder's orders, which clothed me with full authority to preach the gospel and administer the sacraments in the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was an occasion for thanksgiving and great joy. But the greatest joy that came to my heart was in the realization of the dream of my life. I had at last fought my way *from the mines to the pulpit, and hammered success out of the rock.*

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE PULPIT

Preach the gospel to every creature.—MARK XVI, 15.

OUR pastorate on the Hoagland Charge was destined to be very short. At the end of the first year, greatly to the surprise of both pastor and people, we were assigned to the New Haven Charge. By this time we had become accustomed to “tearing up” and packing, and in a few days once more had all our earthly possessions loaded on wagons, and were on our way to the new field of labor.

New Haven is only eight miles north of Hoagland; hence, the distance was easily covered in less than a day. The town is beautifully situated, not far from the banks of the Maumee River, and only six miles from Fort Wayne. The charge was made up of only two points, New Haven and Taylor Chapel, four and one-half miles northeast. Our reception was similar to those on former charges—everything that could be desired. Large congregations greeted us on the first Sunday and

pledged us their fidelity, which pledge was never broken. This proved to be the best appointment we had received, on account of the smaller number of points and the good roads in this section of the county. We also found a good "working" Church, thoroughly organized for carrying on the various enterprises of the Church. The financial system was a perfect success, making the charge, according to the statement of the presiding elder, "first in the district." Imagine my surprise when, at the end of the first month, the treasurer told me to call at his home the next day and receive my salary. This was something unusual. I had been accustomed to wait until Quarterly Conference, and then receive whatever the stewards had been successful in raising, which sometimes would fall far short of the amount due, the final "pull" being made at the end of the year. But, to do justice to my former charges, I will state that, with the exception of a few classes which fell a little short—and these through lack of proper management—I have received my salary in full at the end of each year, some of the classes overpaying their apportionment. I continued to draw my salary every month, there being money in the treasury all the time, with a bal-

ance left to begin the new year. At this writing (1902) we are closing our fourth year on the New Haven Charge, and, with but a few exceptions, my salary has been paid before it was really due. This method, which was merely the taking of subscriptions, through a careful canvass of members and friends, at the beginning of the Conference year, and the obligations thus assumed faithfully carried out, can be successfully operated by any congregation. I may add that through this plan we could easily carry out a rule, made when we entered on our first charge, not to open an account at any store for provisions. In order to keep this resolution, we were sometimes compelled to do without things which we otherwise might have indulged in; but the rule was never broken.

For the last two years New Haven has been a station, and Taylor Chapel has been transferred to the Fort Wayne Circuit. The revival services of this fourth and last year at New Haven resulted in nine conversions and eleven accessions to the Church.

The next move was to Waterloo, in DeKalb County, a charge of three points, with Waterloo for the center, Barker's Chapel six miles north, and Norris Chapel, six miles south. Here, as

elsewhere, we found loyal people, ready to work and sacrifice for the Master's cause. We anticipate a glorious pastorate, with many souls won for Christ.

Laura and I are happy in our sphere of labor, and, after nine years of arduous work, consider ourselves "established" in the work of the ministry.

There remains but little to add. I have accomplished the task I set out to perform; namely, to tell the people—the older ones who wish to read it, but more especially the young people—how I worked my way *from the mines to the pulpit, or hammered success out of the rock*. In my present position and standing, as a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, I do not lay claim to any superior qualifications; neither do I expect to shine as a "great orator" or "eminent divine." My highest aim is, by the help of God, to help the struggling masses to nobler living, and especially to encourage the thousands of young people who, like myself, have been cast forth, with the stern truth staring them in the face that, if they are to be successful in this life, they *must pave the way from the pit to the throne*; or, if the emergency demands it, **HAMMER SUCCESS OUT OF THE ROCK.**

MAR 19 1903

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 027 204 529 A